



No. 167.—VOL. XIV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS KIRKBY LUNN AS NORA IN "SHAMUS O'BRIEN," AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I should not have thought that vivisection was an inviting theme for romance. The analytical novelist might make an interesting study of a vivisector, showing us how character is influenced by the pursuit of science under somewhat repellent conditions; but for this purpose it would not be necessary to describe all the tortures of a laboratory where vivisection is practised without any of the limitations imposed by English law. Mr. H. G. Wells, however, has approached the subject in a different way. In "The Island of Dr. Moreau" the interest turns, not upon the vivisector's character, but upon the nature of his experiments. The author appears to have said to himself, "The world has supped full of the horrors of vivisection, lacerated monkeys, mangled rabbits, and so forth. The anti-vivisectionists have spread the exploits of Claude Bernard far and wide; so there is no novelty in repeating them. My vivisector shall not be an ordinary investigator, exploring Nature in the hope of lighting on commonplace secrets, like a manufacturer of patent medicines. He shall be a monomaniac, demented by the idea of directing the course of evolution by making man out of beast." So Dr. Moreau retires to an island where he is undisturbed by public opinion; and there, by hideous atrocities, he creates monsters, composed of various animals, endowed with a sort of human intelligence, and even with speech. One of them surprises the narrator of the story by the excellence of its English accent.

Now, a considerable licence is accorded to story-tellers in the use of science. Jules Verne has given plausibility to impossible adventures. Mr. Wells himself, in the "Time Machine," made the dry rot of the human race in the eighty-thousandth century not absolutely incredible. But this making of men and women out of bulls, swine, and hyenas by grafting flesh, transfusing blood, and other unnatural devilry, is both absurd and revolting. Mr. Wells describes these ghastly phantasms of his imagination in repulsive detail till the gorge sickens at them. It is all desperately clever, but it is not clever enough. Moreau's explanation of his system is mere raving; and the bare idea of evolving a human semblance out of a mixture of bear and ox, with the aid of a knife and a sort of bastard hypnotism, cannot impose on even the most imaginative for a single moment. Such a nightmare of loathsome images is quite beyond legitimate fantasy. Mr. Wells informs the "unscientific reader" that the "manufacture of monsters, even quasi-human monsters, is within the possibilities of vivisection"; but, as he can scarcely call his romance a contribution to such research, his instruction to the "unscientific reader" is both irrelevant and repugnant.

Some excellent lady has written a dialogue on "vulgarity" in one of the reviews. She makes the not very original discovery that to be vulgar is to be obtrusively self-assertive; but the definition has more than an individual application. Whole classes are vulgar nowadays, though in haleyon centuries that are gone they were modest and retiring. Then, society was modelled on a harmonious plan, by which the humble in station demeaned themselves with propriety, recognising that their superiors knew what was best for them. Alack! change and decay in all around I see, as the hymn has it. You cannot open a newspaper without learning that some vulgar class or other is thrusting itself upon the attention of the Legislature. In the fifteenth century the happy lowly clown delved or span, and left the knights of the shire to manage public affairs. Then he was a gentleman; to-day he is a vulgar person, whose vote and interest have to be solicited by candidates. Breeding lies in managing everybody beneath you for their own good, and, if you have nobody beneath you, it is the art of looking up to others. Vulgarity and democracy are one.

Mr. W. D. Howells, I notice, has another theory, which he calls "supernatural fraternity." When you realise that your fellow-men are your brethren, you will not write dialogues about the woeful decline of their manners. Human nature, as at present understood, makes a man solicitous for his own interests and those of his family; but the supernatural development which Mr. Howells foresees will eliminate the family credit, and make ties of blood of no special account. So, by easy stages, we shall reach the millennium, which "will be nothing mystical or strange." When Mr. Howells is in this vein, I know that he has taken an overdose of Tolstoi. Too much Tolstoi, in a system predisposed to the vaguest optimism, is sure to send a man brothering at large. When we look into American society for symptoms of the supernaturally fraternal, we perceive an irritation against British dukes who marry American

heiresses. It is suggested that every American heiress who scorns native wooers for the sake of a husband in the House of Lords shall forfeit half her dower. I fear the lady who wrote the dialogue will think this export duty vulgar—a terrible jar on that social harmony in which the amalgamation of dukes and dollars is a natural unison. Yet the devotion of the heiress who should surrender half her money to give a peer the whole of her heart might be held to have a touch of supernatural fraternity.

Mr. Howells, were he among us, might regard the popular hymn at a certain music-hall as a portent of the millennium. This hymn, I understand, has a rousing chorus which is taken up with great vigour by the audience. Rousing choruses are always infectious, whether they relate to Jerusalem or Madagascar, both of which elements of popular minstrelsy are utilised in a famous ballad which used to be sung in cider cellars. Set the Milky Way to a catching tune, and you will turn a music-hall audience into vociferous astronomers. It is possible that, when the hymn comes on at the Tivoli, a good many earnest persons flock in from Exeter Hall, and sing it with genuine fervour. Now that a Bishop has set the example of asking actors to garden-parties, why should not the Archbishop of Canterbury invite music-hall singers to Lambeth? Better still, he might visit the Tivoli at hymn time, listen impressively to the chorus about Jerusalem, and retire with dignity before the next "turn."

A litigious spirit, however, is a serious obstacle to fraternity. I see that a gentleman of a sociable disposition, who attended a ball or some other entertainment, and, by misdirection, came to grief in the shaft of a lift, has brought an action to recover damages from his hosts. Your truly fraternal citizen would have gone to the hospital without complaint. He would have said, "I had a merry evening, and fell accidentally down the shaft, fracturing several parts of me; but shall I, therefore, blame you, O my brother, who were so hospitable on that occasion? Shall I make you pay for the bungling of a servant, who left open an inopportune door, and let me into the abyss? Perish the thought!" That would be the supernatural sentiment; but the melancholy prose of the matter is that a froward generation is always on the look-out for damages. I expect to hear that gentlemen who have left a convivial gathering where there has been some mistake about the umbrellas, have sued their hosts on account of rheumatism caught in the rain. At a big "crush" in the season you sometimes extract from the cloak-room with great difficulty a battered hat. What more natural than to take legal proceedings next day against your entertainer? At a dinner-party a nervous servant upsets a sauce-bowl over your new dress-coat. With consummate breeding you pass the accident off with a plausantry; but before the host is twenty-four hours older he receives a letter from your solicitor. If you have the misfortune to break a plate, he promptly starts a counter-action. We may presently arrive at such refinement of social intercourse that no man will dine out unless sustained by the presence of his legal adviser, armed with a writ issued by the proper authorities with a view to emergencies.

SCENE: A dining-room; guests taking their places; host and hostess smiling benignantly.

LEGAL ADVISER. I beg your pardon. I cannot allow my client to sit there. He is liable to stiff neck, and there is a distinct draught from the window, or the door, or the chimney.

HOSR. But I assure you there isn't a draught in the house.

L. A. Very sorry—must do my duty. (*Produces formidable blue paper. Host succumbs, and Client's place is changed, to the general inconvenience.*)

CLIENT (to L. A.). I feel very ill.

L. A. (sharply). What have you just drunk?

CLIENT. Some of that hock.

L. A. (to Hosr). Very sorry, but my client has the gravest reason to complain of the hock. He is in severe pain, and will probably be confined to bed for several days. I am compelled to serve you with this writ, and to ask for the name of your solicitor. (*Serves the blue paper, guests looking on with languid curiosity. Dinner then proceeds without further interruption, Legal Adviser drinking a good deal of hock, and telling his best stories with great success.*)

Lawyers, by the way, are renowned for keeping secrets. They have a good many to keep, and if they were to alter their standard of professional etiquette, highly respectable persons would look very blue in the market-place. I am indisposed, therefore, to attach any credence to the statement that a well-known solicitor, who was consulted by a distant relative in a very delicate matter, on the customary understanding that the consultation was purely confidential, thought fit to communicate the whole story to his wife, in order that the distant relative might be forbidden the house. It is said that a wealthy member of the same family, on whom the distant relative was entirely dependent, was also made acquainted with the secret, and withdrew the relative's only means of support. That alone is enough to make the whole story incredible.

CRISPI CARICATURED.

The Italians, scarcely less than the French, are fond of taking even the serious affairs of life—provided that they are political, not personal—*au cœur léger*, and for years their comic journals, notably the *Fischietto* and the *Don Chisciotte*, have made a butt of Signor Crispi and his African aspirations.

They have laughed at his dream of African conquest, and at the fact that it so occupied the minds of Crispi and the supporters of his policy that they had baptised their imaginary possession in advance by the pompous name of the Erythrean Empire. Huge, then, was the triumph in the camp of the caricaturists when Crispi was deposed and his policy practically wiped off the slate, although the triumph was somewhat discounted by the reflection that a section of the Italian people were not only rudely awakened from a dream, with their ambition unsatisfied, but were burdened with heavy losses both of life and treasure. An African colony has long been a passion with Signor Crispi, and it is only just to believe that his ambition was not merely personal, but patriotic. But, like all enthusiasts, he went to extremes. In "Choses Africaines : la prière de Crispi" he is represented as crying out, "Oh ! my beautiful star of Italy, thou who hast permitted us to acquire provinces though losing battles; thou who hast shone in Africa; out of pity continue to shield my headstrong impulse appear like wisdom, my imprudence to seem prevision, and so shall I be able for a long time yet to lord it over Italy, over Africa, and at last over the whole world. So may it be!"

The *Pasquino* illustrated in its trenchant fashion "L'Afrique Crispinienne," and referred to his attitude towards Italy and Africa as respectively that of a son before his mother, and a man of the world towards a dusky charmer whom he was determined to win—a somewhat curious sort of simile.

It was with the advent of Menelik I. that Crispi recognised what he believed to be a notable opportunity for winning his way in Abyssinia,



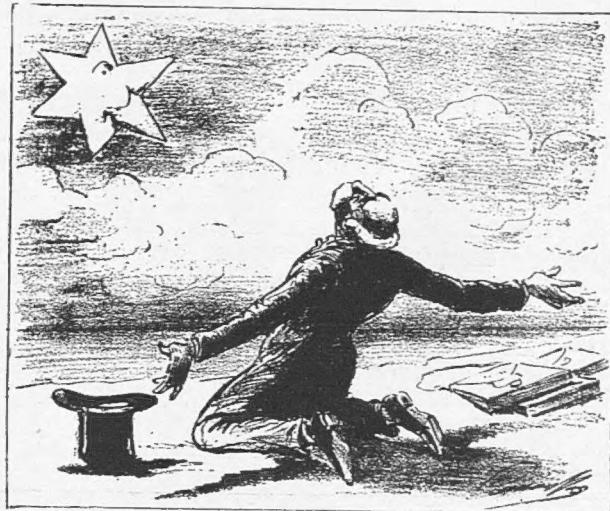
LE TRÔNE DU ROI MÉNÉLIK.



L'AFRIQUE CRISPINIENNE.

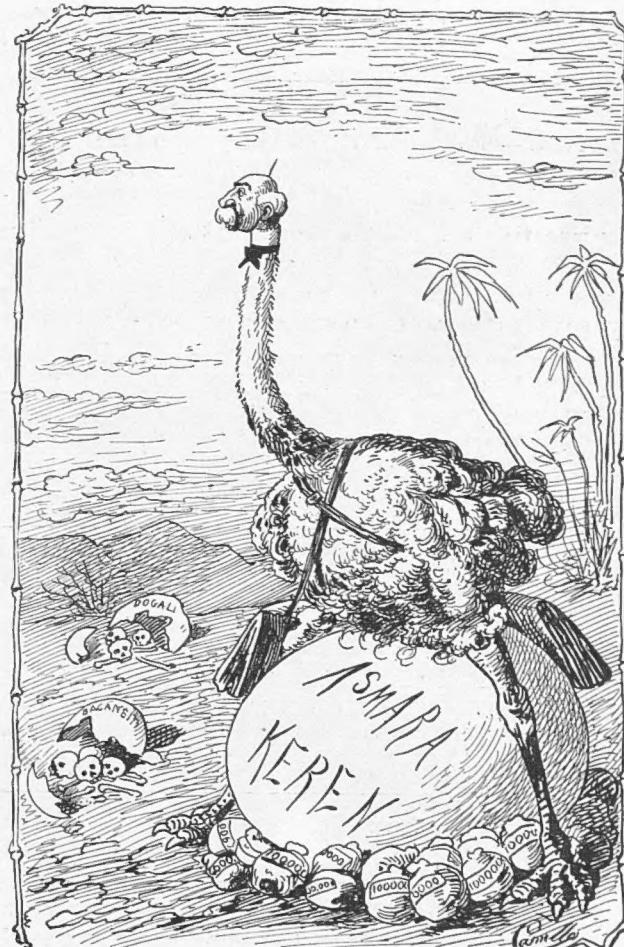
and realising the dream of his life. He forgot, as the *Fischietto* pointed out by its caricature "Œuf de Pâques," the massacres which had resulted from his previous attempts to found an Italian colony by the shore of the Red Sea. "The ostrich," says the satirist, "continues to sit upon the

African egg. God grant that the new outcome be not, like the former, just a miserable, still-born chicken!" In view of recent disasters, the money-bags supporting the "Œuf Africain," and the skulls and dead men's bones issuing from the broken eggs of previous African expeditions, are tragically prophetic. But the advent of Menelik was to put everything right. He was to be the devoted friend and dear ally of Italy, and, in return, Crispi was to establish him firmly on a throne and confer upon him the advantages of a crown and a Civil List. "Le trône du roi Ménélîk" was, according to the *Don Chisciotte*, to be a veritable piece of art furniture. It was to be crowned with



CHOSES AFRICAINES : LA PRIÈRE DE CRISPI.

Achilles, with eagle-wings outspread over the new Empire, and to have for feet the master's slippers—English, with flat heels and elastic side-springs! Upon the back Crispi is represented handing to Menelik a bulky instalment of cash; upon the arms is the head of Crispi in thirteenth century polished ivory, and upon the front panel Crispi again appears as a fertile goddess of Nature, causing the little Empire to increase and make its way in the world. But the dear friend and ally has proved but one more illusion; the throne bears no masks of Crispi; the dreamer of African dreams has been deposed from his high place, and one is inclined to echo the French satirist's aspiration, and bid both the Minister and his



ŒUF DE PÂQUES.

visions farewell with, "Qu'ils reposent en paix!" Political rancour runs high at times in our own country, but it scarcely assumes the exhaustive, and, shall we say the vindictively personal, form and tone so common on the Continent.

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WOMEN CYCLISTS AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

MISS WHITE.



MDLLE. REILLO.



MDLLE. LUCY LATRIELLE.



MDLLE. DUTRIEUX.

THE LATEST ROMEO.

Mrs. Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who secured the particular favour of New York playgoers some time ago in "Charlotte Corday," made another popular, as well as artistic, success on Tuesday evening, March 3, when they acted Romeo and Juliet respectively for the first time in the



MR. KYRLE BELLEW AS ROMEO.

Photo by Falk, New York.

Empire City. Of the production, little need be said just now. If Mr. Augustin Daly, under whose direction Shakspere's tragedy was presented in New York, brings Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew to London in the characters of the ill-starred Italian lovers, he will find that more appropriate scenery and less incongruous dresses than the majority of those used in New York will be a necessity. It will also be advisable to have a Mercutio who is mercurial without being effeminate, a Friar who possesses dignity, and a Tybalt who can command respect despite his fiery nature. "The Furness Variorum edition is the basis of the acting arrangement of 'Romeo and Juliet,'" as presented at Daly's Theatre. But it presents a close resemblance to the Lyceum version, save that it is in seven acts, which on the first night did not terminate until after the mystic hour of twelve. Despite the drawbacks enumerated, to say nothing of the long intervals, Mr. Bellew revived his former glories as Romeo. He looked as young, as lithe, as handsome as ever. But he made, as well as a highly picturesque, a passionate Romeo, and it was a treat to listen not only to the intelligent delivery of his lines, but to his soft and musical voice. As for Mrs. Potter, she looked Juliet, and she was Juliet, thus amply fulfilling the fair promise which she gave at the Gaiety ten years ago in "Loyal Love." In the first scene she indicated delicately and quite admirably the sudden springing into life of Juliet's love. Her Balcony Scene was perfectly natural, full of peculiar grace, fervid, but withal modest. The parting with Romeo was infinitely tender, while the Potion Scene, without any attempt at declamatory effect, was highly dramatic, very well considered, and decidedly effective. It secured the warmest applause of the evening, and no less than three genuine calls, an unusual compliment in a New York theatre. It would be easy to enumerate many beauties in Mrs. Potter's performance, but space forbids. Her scene, however, with the Friar, in which Paris comes to Juliet and she avoids his kisses, should be specially mentioned. The actress makes it a truthful picture of the natural repugnance of a woman who loves to the embraces of a man who is not the object of her affections. Mrs. Potter's Juliet is now not only a fine impersonation, instinct with poetry and passion, but a wonderful advance on the rendering of the character which she first gave in Australia some four years ago.

Miss Julia Marlowe Taber is another well-known American actress who has recently been fascinated by Juliet. The critic of *Life* (New York) declares, however, that her Juliet is "too strident, too womanly, too little girlish. There is too much striving for effect. . . . The stage setting was excellent in effect and accurate in detail. The company in support of Miss Marlowe provides one of the finest collections of elocutionary ignorance seen in New York for a long time. William Shakspere would never recognise his own lines as the speech is spoken by these actors."

THE IRISH SOLDIER LAD.

[The Musical Rights Reserved.]

AIR, "THE SOLDIER LAD."

Where'er there's fighting to be had,
 You'll find, now never fear,
A gallant val'ant Irish lad
 The first to volunteer.
The Sergeant at his fine recruit
 The streamers in his hat
He smiling shakes. Says he, "You'll suit!
 I'm proud to 'list you, Pat."

O, then so quick he learns his drills,
 The Captain winks his eye:
"Look there! I'd swear that on the hills
 You'd soldiered on the sly!"
"Your Honour, no! but from a boy
 The Universe I'd tramp
To see the troops in pride deploy
 Around the Curragh Camp."

And so with bayonet, sword, and gun,
 Our Irish lad he wips
The eyes of every mother's son,
 And earns his shoulder stripes.
Then comes the Rout, and right about,
 Against their foreign foes,
The haversack on every back,
 The Regiment it goes.

At fighting, faith! the Welsh and Scotch
 And English aren't bad,
But each of those is just a botch
 Beside the Irish lad;
For they forget their manners quite
 When cracking at your crown,
But och! an Irishman's polite
 Even while he knocks you down.

So Pat he smokes and fights and jokes
 Till on some famous field,
Where our brave men are one to ten,
 At last his life he'll yield;
Or rallying our broken ranks,
 Sweep back the savage horde,
And earn his Queen and country's thanks,
 A Major's spurs and sword.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS JULIET.

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

APRIL 8, 1896

THE SKETCH.

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MR. KYRLE BELLEW AS ROMEO.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen has been visited during the week by the King of the Belgians and Lord Dufferin.

The Kaiser arrived at Palermo on Wednesday, with the Empress and his two eldest sons. His mother has gone to the Castle of Rumpenheim.



Sincerely yours
Frank R. Stockton

Prince Albrecht of Prussia, on the occasion of his recent visit, presented Mr. G. T. White, Traffic Superintendent of the South-Western Railway, with a magnificent pearl and diamond scarf-pin, in signification of his Royal Highness's appreciation of the excellence of the railway arrangements made in London and the South and West of England during his Royal Highness's tour.

Here is the key which was presented to the Duke of York when he opened the Salford Technical Institute. It was made by Elkington.



With Mr. William Black, Mr. Burnie, and Mrs. Humphry Ward contributing serials to the three leading American magazines, it might be thought that the American novelist had vanished. The balance, however, is always rectified. Mr. Frank Stockton began, last week, a new serial in the *Illustrated London News*, entitled "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," of which the initial idea, a widow accidentally endowed with more worldly goods than she can conveniently dispose of, promises many of the quaintly humorous incidents and situations in which Mr. Stockton seems to delight. The author of "Rudder Grange" is a typical American of the right sort, and is considered, even in his own country, one of the best after-dinner speakers in the world. But, although he has in his day wandered far afield, and been a welcome guest in many companies, literary and otherwise, he is never so well content as when leading a quiet studious life in his beautiful country home, built on a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains, New Jersey, and which is named "The Holt." There, in a book-lined study, full of family mementoes, including a fine sampler worked by an ancestress of the novelist, Mr. Frank Stockton has accomplished much of his best-known work. On the large desk is a curious relic of the Civil War—a bayonet found on the last battle-field of the

South, and which now serves as candlestick to the owner of "The Holt." The wit and fancy displayed in "The Late Mrs. Null" and "The Lady and the Tiger" are Mr. Stockton's property.

The School for Fancy Dancing, recently established by Madame Cavallazzi, is becoming widely known, and for the forthcoming season some of her advanced pupils are in great demand for private entertainments. I called on Madame recently, and one of her youngest pupils, little Miss Lena Verdi, gave me a performance, for which I felt exceedingly grateful. This tiny damsel created a sensation at the matinée given by the Empire Theatre for the poorer Board School children in February last. She cannot be more than seven years old, and, unless I am very much mistaken, has a great future before her. She is naturally graceful; limbs and body move in harmony; she has a fascinating manner, with nothing of the self-consciousness that makes the average infant prodigy a terror to all. Moreover, she has the very great advantage of the instruction of Madame Cavallazzi, who exhausted every triumph in the world of the *première danseuse* long before she abandoned the abbreviated skirts and became our leading pantomimist. Dancing seems to me to rest for a moment in its progress; the eccentricities of serpentine and kindred horrors have exhausted inartistic invention. Possibly we are about to return to the grace and elegance of the orthodox Italian school which latter-day critics affect to despise. I hope so.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, an accomplished and thoughtful actor whom I remember playing leading parts with touring companies—as, for instance, with Miss Isabel Bateman—has latterly devoted a good deal of his attention to literature. Mr. Mason has just followed up his "Romance of Wasdale" with an interesting story, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," which is published by Macmillan.

I do not think it is generally known that Mr. H. R. Pocock, the author of a novel recently published, called "The Rules of the Game," is a brother of Miss Lena Ashwell.

Paderewski is alleged to have declared that Chinese music "fascinates" him. It is "wonderful music," with "beautiful simplicity" and "evident art" to be found therein. Furthermore, it appears to him "to combine many peculiarities of the Slavic and the Scotch music." These are choice bits of information, if, indeed, they are couched in the *ipsissima verba* of the famous Polish pianist.



SISTERS.
Photo by the Paris Studio, Cork.

The dramatic critic of *Truth*, in his recent scathing comments on "True Blue," laughs to scorn the idea of a female bull-fighter, gives us to understand that he enjoys the acquaintance of the *diestros* Lagartigo and Frascuelo—who have, by the way, long since retired from the arena—and altogether speaks with the certainty and "cocksureness" peculiar to critics. I do not for a moment sympathise with the comic drama he condemns, but I would hint that it is possible for lady bull-fighters to exist without the fact coming within the nearly limitless area of his knowledge. Some few years ago Portugal possessed a famous female bull-fighter, whose fame crossed the borders and who followed after it to give the Spaniards a taste of her quality. She is, I believe, still living, and the director of a Portuguese riding-school. I do not say that the bulls she fought were not *embolados*, or horn-tipped; but this makes very little difference in the present case. If the critical gentleman

many who never miss a production at the house. Consciously or unconsciously, the present lessee has derived considerable support from this section of his *clientèle*, and it is a section which will continue to patronise the house under any circumstances, whether Mr. Tree or another be the ruling spirit. Moreover, new theatres are not considered good speculations, and certainly those built in London proper of late years have done nothing very great. The New Olympic has had vicissitudes, the English Opera House came to grief, and the Duke of York's has not been successful. Perhaps the present lessee of the Haymarket is destined to put an end to this run of ill luck.

The issue of a weekly penny illustrated military journal "for everybody," with the capital title the *Regiment*, is another indication of the popularisation of Tommy Atkins. It is interestingly got up, and



THE SECOND CATARACT AT WADY HALFA, AS IT APPEARS WHEN THE NILE IS LOW.

of *Truth* will go to Spain and renew his acquaintance with the old fighters, they will, doubtless, confirm all I say. As I mentioned, they have long since given up active work, but were present, by special invitation, at a great fight in Granada last June, where Guerrita, the most successful of living bull-fighters, greatly distinguished himself, and earned the applause of those past-masters of his art.

There is a keen competition in progress over the acquisition of the Haymarket Theatre when Mr. Beerbohm Tree crosses the road. At time of writing, I hear that two of our acting-managers are in the hunt, and a syndicate has also been formed to take it over. Doubtless the theatre's great age and interesting associations make it a valuable property, and Mr. Tree is very bold in essaying to carry his *clientèle* from the old house to the new. Not that the Haymarket is a particularly comfortable place. It has the defects of age, but, then, there are compensating advantages. Old-stagers have known the Haymarket all their theatrical lives; their fathers knew it before them; doubtless there are

deserves to succeed. *Children* is the name of a new sixpenny quarterly. John Strange Winter contributes stories to both periodicals.

The interest in Soudan affairs has for the time given way to the Matabele rising. General Sir Herbert Kitchener has arrived with his staff at Wady Halfa, an aspect of which is shown in the accompanying photograph.

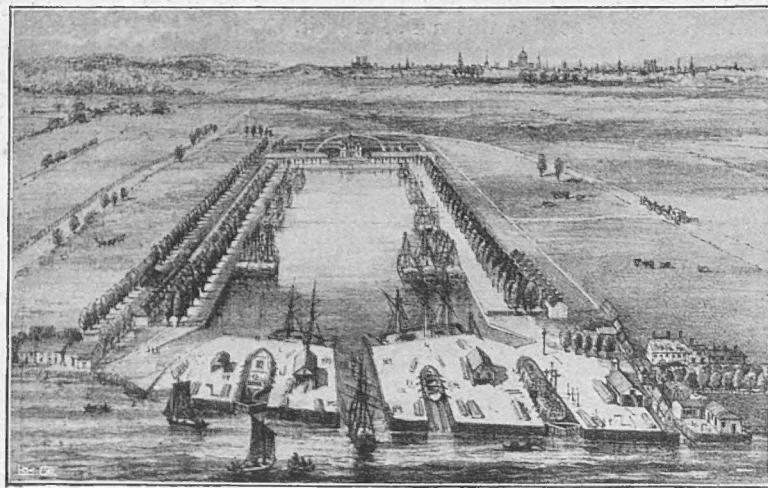
The Cambrian Railways Company is to reduce the first-class fares over the whole of its system to 1½d. per mile for single tickets. The alteration will be effected in time to give summer visitors the full benefit of the reduction.

On a recent *cause célèbre*—

"Fair play's a jewel," clear without a flaw;
But in a case which lately steered its way
Through the uncertainties of English law,
The twelve good men and true distinctly saw
Much too much Playfair, not enough fair play.

Apropos of my remarks as to the "Old Greenland Dock," to which a unique interest attaches as being the oldest public dock in the United Kingdom, the Secretary of the Surrey Dock writes me on the point raised as to the date of the construction of "this historic dock." He says—

If the old map of London of 1796, to which you refer, does not show this dock, the map is certainly inaccurate; for there is indubitable evidence that the

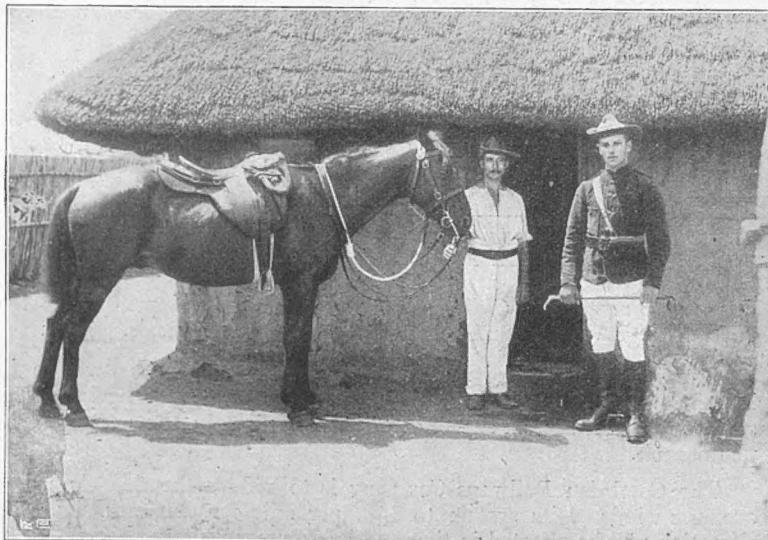


HOWLAND GREAT WET DOCK.

dock was in existence long prior to this date. The dock was originally known as the "Howland Great Wet Dock," and was so named after a family settled at Streatham to whom this property at Rotherhithe belonged. In 1695 Elizabeth Howland married Wriothesley, the Marquis of Tavistock, the son of the celebrated Lord William Russell, and the Howland property passed to the Russells by marriage settlement, and remained in their possession until 1763. The minutes of the House of Lords show that a petition of William, Duke of Bedford, Lady Rachael Russell, and Elizabeth Howland, on behalf of the Marquis of Tavistock and the Marchioness, his wife, minors, was presented to the House on Feb. 11, 1695, setting forth that a sum of money had been laid out for the making of a dry dock at Redderiffe (that is, Rotherhithe), and that the petitioners were well advised that the making of a wet dock there will not only be a great improvement of the said minors' estate, but of use to the public, and praying leave to bring in a Bill to enable them to raise and lay out moneys for making a wet dock at Redderiffe. Leave was given to bring in the Bill, which was read for the first time on Sunday (!), Feb. 15, 1695, and received the royal assent on April 10, 1696. This proves that, prior to 1695, a dry dock was already in existence, or in course of construction, on the site of the present Greenland Dock; and that the wet dock referred to was constructed shortly after the Bill received the royal assent is evidenced by an old drawing of "the Howland Dock," in the possession of the company, with the description of the dock in manuscript appended, from which the following is an extract: "This Dock hath been found a very safe repository for ships, which was fully proved in that terrible and violent storm which happened on the 27th November 1703, when, by the extremity of the winds, all the ships in the river which rode either at chains or their own moorings were forced adrift, and confusedly driven on the north shore, where some were lost, and most received great damage. Then, of all the several ships deposited in this wet dock, there was only one slightly injured in her bowsprit."

The Bechuanaland Police have been brought to the front recently as no other police force has ever been, with the possible exception of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Here is a picture of Regimental Sergeant-Major Drury with his batman.

Some details concerning two of the most active economists of the modern school present at the recent dinner of the British Economic



THE BECHUANALAND POLICE.

Association, at which Mr. Goschen took the chair and made an interesting speech. Professor F. Ysidoro Edgeworth, for instance, has done good work in the Chair of Political Economy at Oxford, formerly filled by Professors Bonamy Price and Thorold Rogers. He has also

been Newmarch Lecturer at University College, Gower Street, and is the editor of the *Economic Journal*, the organ of the Association. Professor Edgeworth is a great pedestrian, and loves to bathe of a morning in the ponds at Hampstead, whether they are frozen over or not. Latterly, he has resided alternately at Mount Vernon, Hampstead, and in rooms at All Souls, Oxford. On his mother's side, he is of Spanish blood. Much of his vacation time he spends in the "distressful country." So, too, does Professor Gonner, of University College, Liverpool, whose wife is one of the daughters of Erin. Professor Gonner, who has written on economic subjects, is a man of about forty, of tall stature, pale complexion, and charming address. The presence at this dinner of the Italian Ambassador reminds me that many distinguished economists are Italians, among them being Signori Cossa, Nitti, Pantaleoni, and Fiamingo.

During February, Cowper's Summer-house, Olney, Buckinghamshire, was sold by auction. The extract from the particulars of sale reads as follows—

Lot 3.—All that far-famed garden and orchard known as "Cowper's Garden" and the "Guinea Orchard," the former containing the Poet's celebrated Summer House, in which many of his works were written.

It is interesting to remember that this same garden was formerly attached to Cowper's house, and probably the poet's famous hares—by name, Bess, Puss, and Tiney—gambolled there as well as in the dwelling-house. The summer-house is a tiny building which Cowper sometimes described as "his boudoir," and it was here he wrote "John Gilpin" and most of "The Task"—according to Thomas Wright, in his book on "The Town of Cowper," who also states that in winter it was used as a greenhouse, but, on the return of warm weather, the walls were lined with mats, and the building again converted into a summer-house. It need hardly be added that visitors have covered the walls and ceiling with their countless names, although on the table lies a visitors' signature-book, in which many distinguished names may be found.



COWPER'S SUMMER-HOUSE.

The garden and summer-house, with stable and cottage, all let at £16 per annum, realised £480 at the sale, and have become the property of the present tenant. Prior to the Chicago Exhibition, our American neighbours were very desirous to possess this relic, and, we believe, a fabulous sum was spoken of as having been offered, that it might be bodily removed to the Exhibition. The tiles from the poet's dwelling-house did actually go over the water to the Exhibition.

Apropos of the interview with Mr. H. H. H. Cameron in this issue, I ought to say that the photographer has many interesting reminiscences of Tennyson. "I think I may tell you this story," Mr. Cameron said; "it has never appeared. You may know that for a time I was an actor. When Tennyson completed 'The Promise of May,' I asked whether he would submit it to a manager. He consented, and I put machinery in motion which resulted in the production of the piece at the Globe Theatre. The poet parted with the performing rights for certain royalties. The piece was not a success, so at the end of three weeks the management asked me if I could use my influence to get an abatement of the royalties. It was a delicate matter, but I consented to do my best. Accordingly, I went down to Farringford on my reluctant mission. At first I saw Mr. Hallam Tennyson, and explained the situation to him. He went upstairs to the smoking-room to consult his father. After a time the poet came down, evidently inclined to be rather gruff. He stood up with his back to the fireplace, and then growled out, 'For the last three weeks the newspapers have given me nothing but abuse, and here you ask me to take less money!' The situation was difficult, but Lady Tennyson's voice came quietly from the sofa where she lay—"No, Ally dear; it's not a question of asking us to take less money, it's we that won't take any!" The cloud cleared; and the poet never said a word about payment." About one of Mrs. Cameron's Tennyson pictures the poet used to say, "It makes me look like a dirty monk," but in the end he came to consider it the best of all his likenesses.

Visitors to the New Inn, Clovelly, will at once recognise in the accompanying picture a photograph of the interior of the dining-room at that quaint little hotel, not the least interesting feature of which is the extensive and valuable collection of old china that has been amassed by the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Berriaman, in course of the past half-century. This collection consists of some thousands of pieces of various qualities and designs—chiefly old-fashioned ware picked up in the neighbouring Devon and Cornish villages, and of patterns long since regarded, save by lovers of *bric-a-brac*, as obsolete and out of date. Never, surely, was curious crockery seen in such wondrous profusion. Every wall, every shelf, every table in the place is brought into requisition, even the bedrooms doing their share towards furnishing space for the endless variety of cups, saucers, dishes, plates, mugs, glasses, and ornaments of every description.

The arrangement is for the most part orderly and effective, especially in the dining-room, which, as will be seen, presents a delightfully artistic aspect. There are also some excellent pieces of old carved oak furniture. The inn consists of two houses (one of last century's date, at least), and these are divided by the primitive alley of cobble-paved stairs, running, now straight, now zigzag, from the cliffs down to the sea, and forming the only street of which Clovelly can boast. This lovely Devonshire nook, happily not yet spoiled by the Cockney tourist, has afforded a haven of rest to many weary travellers during the past summer season, and among the visitors some time back was Henry Irving, who spent a pleasant week at the New Inn, and left behind him—we here quote his intelligent and ingenious host—recollections as delightful as those which he confessed to carrying away.

Mr. Isidore de Lara is evidently an immense favourite at Monte Carlo. He has recently given there a brilliantly successful concert, at which Tamagno and Madame de Nuovina sang, and the orchestra, under M. Jehin, performed excerpts from "The Light of Asia." Both in this



DINING-ROOM OF THE NEW INN, CLOVELLY.

Photo by H. Damen, Eton.

work and in his later opera, "Amy Robsart," Mr. de Lara showed talent that, with careful fostering, might take him pretty far.

The disciples of Izaak naturally seize upon Easter as a fitting time to ply their gentle craft. The accompanying photograph shows how they come into contact with charming scenery.



AN EASTER RESORT ON THE RIVER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

One of the most costly and splendid buildings for commercial business in the Anglo-Indian cities was that of the Army and Navy Co-operative Stores at Bombay. It stood in Esplanade Road, facing the statue of the Prince of Wales eastward, with Hope Street in the rear, and with the Esplanade Hotel on one side and the Sassoon Mechanics' Institute on the other. Very early in the morning on March 11, while the premises, with stock-in-trade worth £50,000, were in charge of a native watchman for the night, something was somehow set on fire. About four o'clock the fire was discovered. The Municipal Fire Brigade sent



THE BOMBAY ARMY AND NAVY STORES.

its steam fire-engines, and water and all other supposed remedies for fire were put in use; but, at five o'clock, every corner of the interior was like a furnace-grate filled with flame. The floors, being fire-proof, with iron supports, did not yield, but the fire raged equally in all the storeys, from top to bottom, and burst through the roof, which fell in, leaving a high central tower, with a water-tank upon its summit, of no use at all. Not much of the goods was saved, but sailors from the Queen's ships in the harbour bravely fetched out a lot of cartridges and gunpowder, which might have exploded with great havoc and loss of life. The property was all insured.

Mr. Charles King Francis, who fills the vacancy in the ranks of Metropolitan Police Magistrates caused by the retirement of Mr. Bushby, may be said to bear with him up to the bench the aroma of the cricket-field. Far back in the 'seventies I well remember C. K. Francis as a prominent amateur cricketer. An old Rugbeian and Oxonian of renown, Mr. Francis used to be a serviceable fast over-arm bowler, and formerly played much with the Middlesex eleven, besides being a member of the M.C.C., I Zingari, Free Foresters, and Harlequins. He kept up his connection with "the noble game" for a very long time, and it is not so many years since he used regularly to take part in the annual cricket match at Lord's between the Bar and the Army.

More or less contemporaneous with Mr. Francis, among the representatives of the rival Blues, were at Oxford the lamented C. F. Ottaway and Mr. A. W. Ridley, and at Cambridge Mr. William Yardley (now journalist and playwright) and the late J. W. Dale, whose memory is being perpetuated at Tonbridge School.

Although Miss Agnes Delaporte has resigned to Miss Lottie Collins the title-part in "The New Barmaid," at the Avenue, she is sustaining the same character on tour.

"Books are bought nowadays as indiscriminately as they are made." Having accepted this *naïve* verdict in their "foreword," nobody is likely to scout the book that has been written by Mr. Granville Bantock (the musical conductor) and Mr. F. G. Aflalo (and published by Mr. John Macqueen) about the tour, lasting 431 days, which the "Gaiety Girl" Company sent out by Mr. George Edwardes spent in going round the world. Four pieces were given—"A Gaiety Girl," "The Shop Girl," "In Town," and "Gentleman Joe"—and the success that attended the company proves that the popularity of such pieces is not London, nor local—that, in fact, the Cockney spirit is not a geographical quantity. I note that Mr. Louis Bradfield played in turn the part of Dr. Brierly, Sir Lewis Grey, and Bobbie Rivers in "A Gaiety Girl," besides figuring as Gentleman Joe, Captain Coddington, and Charley Appleby. Mr. Charles Ryley, the husband of the author of "Jedbury Junior," was Captain Goldfield, the Duke of Muffshire, Brown of Colorado, and Lord Donnybrook, and, on one occasion (only), Bombardos in a scene from "Pepita"—by the way, why doesn't somebody revive this piece? Mr. Daly will scarcely like

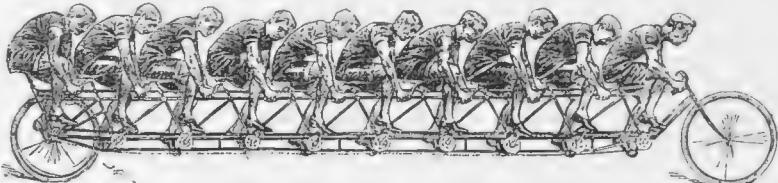
the references to his hospitality. The notice in his New York theatre, that no member of his company is to address him personally without being spoken to first, is, as the authors note, a "pretty tall order for a democracy wherein all citizens are equal." On the voyage from Samoa to Sydney, R. L. Stevenson's mother was one of the Gaiety Girls' fellow-passengers. The book is very readable.

An exceedingly interesting recital was given the other afternoon at the London College of Music by Miss Pauline Barrett, the teacher of elocution at that establishment. Miss Barrett is a daughter of the much-esteemed former musical critic of the *Morning Post*, the late Mr. W. A. Barrett; and, for her father's sake, as well as for her own high intelligence and skill in the management of her voice, I wish Miss Barrett success as a professional elocutionist.

In Mr. Joseph Hatton's new drama, "The Roll of the Drum," adapted from his novel, "When Greek Meets Greek," and lately produced with much success at St. Helens, Mr. Murray Carson has been allotted one of those showy dual rôles so familiar on the boards. He plays the two brothers, the Royalist Count de Fournier and the Republican Deputy Grebauval, parts that remind one, more or less, of Lesurques and Dubosc in "The Lyons Mail," the corresponding characters in "A Man's Shadow," and so forth.

Another season, the thirty-eighth, of the "Pops." has come to an end. Again we have heard those veterans, Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, with their able colleagues, in familiar masterpieces. The last concert, on March 30, had a brilliant audience to match its splendid programme. One saw renowned musicians in every part of the hall. Sir A. C. Mackenzie in the stalls, Mrs. Mary Davies in the balcony, and that regular attendant, Mr. Newton, in the orchestra, were representatives of scores of other lovers of music. First we had a grand rendering of Mendelssohn's Octet in E flat, then two songs—one arranged by the *Times* musical critic—by Mr. David Bispham. After Signor Piatti's two 'cello soli had proved that neither his right nor left hand had lost its cunning, Mr. Leonard Borwick played delightfully, and was encored. Lady Hallé and Dr. Joachim repeated their success in Bach's Concerto in D minor, Mr. Bispham sang again, and the concert, and with it the season, concluded with a grand rendering of Schumann's Quintet in E flat.

A bicycle made for ten is the latest marvel in the line of the wheel. This new wonder in the bicycle world will be known as the "Double Quint." There are one or two machines called the Nonaplet, or machines with nine seats, but they have not been seriously considered as successful by any of the large bicycle firms owing to their bulk and the difficulty in the handling of them. The Barnes Bicycle Company, which is constructing the new wonder, claims to have overcome the difficulty of using a big machine on anything but a straight-away track. Its construction has been guarded with the greatest secrecy, only the designer and two of his workmen being allowed to see it. The frame is a combination of double-truss and triple-truss design, which will be amply strong enough to safely support the weight of any ten ordinary riders on the average good road or track. The most peculiar feature of the machine, so far, is its chain. There is only one chain, which runs the whole length of the machine. The chain runs over the tops of each of the ten sprocket-wheels, and is prevented from the possibility of jumping the sprockets by



over-bearing idlers. The machine when completed will weigh about 150 lb., and will carry 1700 lb. The wheels are about twenty-eight inches in diameter, with two and a-half inch tires. The machine will be steered by the man in front, and will be geared according to the wishes of the men who ride it.

It may be remembered that, some years ago, when Loïe Fuller was making her early English successes, she was followed up in her serpentine dancing by a *soi-disant* sister of hers, Ida Fuller. I was informed at the time, by those in the secret, that Ida was not "La Loïe's" sister at all, but merely her sister-in-law, and now I see that there has been an open quarrel in New York between the respective managers of the two related and, at present, rival ladies.

Mrs. Katharine Fisk, the beautiful and talented American contralto who is now one of the leading favourites on English concert-platforms, has recently scored another great success with the Philharmonic Society. Mrs. Fisk first came to this country in 1892. Mr. Daniel Mayer heard her sing, and at once asked her to sign a three years' contract with him. She made her début in St. James's Hall the following November, with immediate success. Between that time and Jan. 21, 1893, she sang fourteen times at St. James's Hall, as well as at the Crystal Palace, London Symphony Concerts, and the Royal Albert Hall. Then she grew home-sick, and decided to return to Chicago for a visit. On account of her numerous engagements in America, especially under

Mr. Theodore Thomas, she was able to return to London only late in the winter of '94. She is the possessor of a rich and powerful contralto voice, with a good compass, and, being a woman of keen intelligence and high culture, she is as much at home in the simplest ballad as in oratorio and operatic work. She is a native of Clinton, Wisconsin, but, when only a child of three, her parents moved to Rockford, Ill.; and it was there that she received the whole of her education and grew to womanhood, studying in the Rockford College and quickly acquiring a

who discovered and developed Mrs. Fisk's true voice, a contralto. For seven years she remained a pupil of Mrs. Eddy; but during that time she sang in one of the leading churches, became second alto in the Eddy Lady Quartet, and in December 1890 made her début as a soloist in "The Messiah." Since that time her progress has been rapid, and she was heard all over Western America before she determined to cross the Atlantic for further study and wider experiences. After her return to Chicago, she sang with Mr. Theodore Thomas at the World's Fair,



MRS. KATHARINE FISK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

reputation as a promising singer. It is now some twelve years since she married Professor Franklin Proctor Fisk and went to live in Chicago, and there she very soon began her musical career in earnest. She became a pupil of Miss Fanny Root, and a favourite with the Apollo Club chorus, where she attracted the attention of the director, Professor Tomlins, who was her next teacher, giving her lessons in return for her services with his choir.

Next she drifted into the hands of Mrs. Sarah Hershey Eddy, who said, if she were willing to give up three years to hard study, there was no doubt that she had a most brilliant future before her; and it was she

and then took part in the Worcester (Mass.) Festival, as well as singing in Boston, Cincinnati, and most of the leading towns in the East. Besides her musical accomplishments, Mrs. Fisk is a bright and pleasant companion, a good French scholar, and familiar with German and Italian, besides being an exceptionally beautiful woman. She always sings in white, the only trimming she permits being gold embroidery, and her only ornament a red rose, and, like all good Americans, she adores Paris and has absolute faith in Worth as a costumier. While in London, Mrs. Fisk has practised her German and French songs with Mr. Henschel and Professor Blume, and all her oratorio with Signor Randegger, for it is her wish to shine on the English concert-platform especially in oratorio.

Prince Albert of Monaco is not only a Serene Highness, but he has a serene conscience, for he has been defending his position as a lessor of the Casino at Monte Carlo. His attitude, of course, is simply *tu quoque*. If he shut the Casino, worse places would spring up. He is particularly intolerant of English objectors; for he points to horse-racing and the Stock Exchange, and declares that the pickpockets at the Casino are usually Englishmen. I wonder if this "Prince of Monte Carlo" has been stirred into defence by his appearance at the Savoy Theatre in "The Grand Duke." At any rate, he might retort on Mr. Gilbert in Gilbertian measure—

The Prince of Monte Carlo
From Mediterranean water
Defends his gambling show,
Despite its suicide-slaughter.
Its dangers folk should know,
And if they don't they oughter,
The Prince of Monte Carlo
Thinks like Eve's own daughter.

The Prince of Monte Carlo
Replies to every objection—
That, gambling may o'erthrow,
But man is not perfection;
And if you lose and blow
Your brains in any direction,
The Prince of Monte Carlo
Ain't there for your protection.

The Prince of Monte Carlo
Pooh-poohs the Puritan whining,
Bids England see the woe
Of racing, cards, and mining;
The Stock Exchange, heigh-ho!
Can scarce be called refining,
So the Prince of Monte Carlo
Don't intend resigning.

The Prince of Monte Carlo,
Who sails a smart little decker,
Will not, of course, forego
His wonderful gold-exchequer;
In fact, he bids you stow
Your talk of him as a wrecker—
That Prince of Monte Carlo
Who sails a smart little decker.

The Prince can boast of having had a curiously adventurous and well-filled existence. He was forty before he became master of the now notorious little Principality, and had served in both the Spanish and French navies with distinction. His matrimonial affairs were at one time much discussed in the *beau monde* of Europe. Some sixteen years ago, his marriage to Lady Mary Hamilton was formally annulled by the Pope, and nine years after, greatly to the astonishment of his many friends, he espoused the beautiful widowed Duchesse de Richelieu, *née* Alice Heine, a great Jewish heiress, under whose gracious princess-ship old Monaco has become again a notable social centre.

The Prince used to be well known and popular in both Paris and London society. His father, who granted, in the first instance, the gambling concession to M. Blanc, was eccentric, and during his lifetime the beautiful château was practically closed. Since Prince Albert's accession, both he and his wife, Princess Alice, have done all to make their cosmopolitan world of friends welcome at Monaco. Indeed, every lady who can boast of having been "presented" to her own sovereign is admitted *ipso facto* to the Palace receptions. The Prince, who is somewhat of a scientist, spends not a little of his time, as I have hinted in my jingle, on a splendid yacht, the *Princess Alice*. He is specially interested in the tides and the Mediterranean maritime flora, and his scientific researches and discoveries have been several times "crowned" by the French Academy of Sciences.

I am very glad to see that the Legislature of Ohio has started on a campaign against the fashions and follies of the fair. A law has been passed forbidding women to wear large hats in the theatre. Perhaps, with a discreet recollection of their "sisters, cousins, and aunts," not to mention their wives, the legislators did not go on to make a breach of the law a punishable offence for the wearer of the hat, but only for the manager who permitted its presence. He is liable to a fine of ten dollars for every hat he allows in his theatre which obstructs the view of the stage. This seems a little "rough" on the manager. Will a special army of officials be established, provided with foot-rules to measure the hats as they arrive, as the Lord Chamberlain is supposed to measure the Court-trains of débütantes? If a dispute arose, hat-pins would be a formidable weapon in the hands of the refractory fair ones. It is a relief, therefore, to see that a drastic proposal to give the manager six months' imprisonment for a repeated offence was rejected.

The other evening I had the felicity of meeting the charming original of a charming portrait of a young lady with Indian clubs which appeared in *The Sketch* a few months ago. Miss Gwendoline Stanhope goes through her musical performance with the clubs in the gracefulest, prettiest, daintiest manner possible, and is indeed, as our Scotch friends say, "a sight for sair een." This accomplished young lady is a lineal descendant of that fine old English worthy, Sir Francis Drake, and it is perhaps from him she has inherited her fondness for and skill with the implements she handles with such matchless dexterity. No Englishman will deny that Sir Francis "took up the clubs" for Old England with triumphant success. Even the Spaniards, who suffered most from his skill with the same, would hardly dispute the soft impeachment.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LIII.—MR. EDMUNDS, Q.C., AND THE "LAW JOURNAL."

Lawyers are notoriously a conservative body of men, even if individual members attain the Bench by professing Liberal opinions. How conservative may be judged by the fact that, in such a vital matter as remuneration, the one branch clings to a system of costs under which it is better paid for the work not actually done by it than for what it does, while the other lives on fees that, in the eye of the law, are mere unenforceable gratuities, though the meaning of the custom is as dead as the illustrious Coke. Naturally, then, no law newspaper has a chance of living until it has reached a substantial age—there is a flavour of the bull in the phrase. Some quotations from the *Law Journal*, on a most important topic of the day, called to my mind the fact that for many years I have heard the name constantly, and that lately I made a huge investment in a number of "*Law Journal Reports*," which caused my book-shelves to creak. Consequently, I went over to Mr. Lewis Edmunds, one of our Q.C.'s, to ask him something about the paper of which I knew he is the proprietor.

"The '*Law Journal Reports*,'" he said, "are older than the Queen's reign, for they were started seventy-four years ago, and the almost three-quarters of a century's '*Law Journal Reports*' is the longest continuous series in existence. A solicitor started the idea, and the possession subsequently passed into the Streeter family. I purchased the *Law Journal* newspaper in 1892. From the first, bankruptcy notices and other matters of legal information were issued with the Reports. Then, in 1866, the '*Law Reports*' threatened to issue a newspaper, so we brought out one of orthodox form in answer to the threat of our then mushroom rival. It was very different to what it now is. Since I bought I have enlarged it, and, while maintaining and increasing its value to practising lawyers as a technical weekly record—trade paper, if you like—have added articles of more general interest, dealing with current legal-political matters, and international law and other questions, as the opportunity offers. The result has justified my policy—the circulation has increased rapidly, and, as it increases, I add further features of interest."

"I presume that it is little read save by lawyers?"

"You will find it in many clubs and most public libraries, and I find constant references in the papers to its articles, particularly on such matters as the Jameson trial and the Venezuela question. In fact, I venture to claim that it is recognised by the Press of this country, the Colonies, and America, and, indeed, wherever English law prevails or is of importance as the leading legal authority. The Reports? No, I do not own them. They have been sold to Stevens and Sons, Limited, the law publishers, who have introduced many improvements."

"What induced you," I asked, "to buy a paper? Were you a journalist? I know that you are a writer of Law-books, for I have used your work on Patent Law, as well as the handy collection of 'Patents, Designs, and Trade-Marks Acts,' and the 'Copyright in Designs.'"

"It is not easy to say, for I have done comparatively little non-legal writing, and yet I've owned two papers. I bought the *Saturday Review*—that was in August 1894. It was offered to me, and I decided within an hour. I acted as my own editor, greatly aided, however, by Mr. George (now Professor) Saintsbury, and introduced some changes that proved advantageous. However, after about three months I sold it, almost as suddenly as I had bought it, to Mr. Frank Harris. I found that work in wig and gown and work without were too much, so, having to give up one, I naturally stuck to my profession. Yet I look back with pleasure to my brief term of office as editor of the *Saturday Review*. So far as the *Law Journal* is concerned, the real working-editor is my friend Mr. T. M. Stevens."

From another source I have learnt some particulars about Mr. Edmunds, who took silk at the age of thirty-five. He is a Cambridge man, scholar of St. John's, and a Maeham Law Student; he took a first-class in the Natural Science Tripos, and was Sen. Op. in the Mathematical Tripos. In 1882 he became Doctor of Science of the London University, and, subsequently, B.A. and LL.B. of Cambridge. He was called to the Bar—at the Inner Temple—twelve years ago, and read with Mr. Fletcher Moulton, the famous patent-advocate. After a general practice in Common Law, he took up patents, designs, and trade-marks as a speciality; and, seeing that he is a Fellow of the Chemical and Geological Societies, and a member of the Royal Institution, he has naturally a sound knowledge of the scientific questions submitted to the patent-barrister. He has taken an interest in politics, and, in the Conservative interest, stood for South Hackney in the County Council Election of 1892.



MR. LEWIS EDMUNDS.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

"SHAMUS O'BRIEN," AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Photographs by Barrauds, Limited, Oxford Street, W.

FATHER O'FLYNN (MR. C. MAGRATH).

Dr. Villiers Stanford and Sir Augustus Harris, as composer and producer respectively of the comic opera "Shamus O'Brien," which was staged for the first time on March 2, have brought luck once more to the Opéra Comique. Indeed, it would have been quite melancholy had such an admirable piece of work as "Shamus O'Brien" failed, for no more beautiful and haunting music has been heard in the theatre for many and many a long day. The triumph is all the greater when it is considered that Dr. Stanford has not had the advantage of working with an immaculate librettist, and that his subject-matter is essentially local. It seems to be generally agreed that the composer has at last found a *troué métier*. As an Irishman, he is, of course, absolutely at home in dealing with such a subject as "Shamus O'Brien," and he has more than lived up to his opportunity. Mr. George H. Jessop might, with a little care, have produced a much better book. But the story is distinctly dramatic, and, if the lyrics are not always perfect, there is so much fire and sustained interest in the plot, with so much beauty in the musical setting and in its representation, that the most captious critic will ultimately be soothed and accept all that "Shamus O'Brien" can give him. And it can give him a great deal, for an excellent company has been gathered together to interpret. As will be noted from the cast, the names of the players are almost aggressively Hibernian, which guarantees against their brogue being bogus, and most of them sing and act with great vigour.

Shamus O'Brien	MR. DENIS O'SULLIVAN.
Captain Trevor	MR. W. H. STEPHENS.
Mike Murphy	MR. JOSEPH O'MARA.
Father O'Flynn	MR. C. MAGRATH.
Sergeant Cox	MR. FRANK FISHER.
Lynch	MR. GAROGHAN.
Little Pauden	MASTER ROSS.
Nora O'Brien	MISS KIRKBY LUNN.
Peggy	MISS WINIFRED LUDLAM.
Kitty O'Toole	MISS MAGGIE DAVIES.



KITTY O'TOOLE (MISS MAGGIE DAVIES), AND NORA O'BRIEN (MISS KIRKBY LUNN).



LYNCH, THE PIPER (MR. GAROGHAN).



MIKE MURPHY (MR. JOSEPH O'MARA).

"Don't leave me unrewarded at the goal."



SHAMUS O'BRIEN (MR. DENIS O'SULLIVAN).

"I love my ould Ireland."



FATHER O'FLYNN, CAPTAIN TREVOR (MR. W. H. STEPHENS),
AND SHAMUS.



MIKE AND THE CAPTAIN.

"They'll skin you if they catch you."



FATHER O'FLYNN, NORA, AND KITTY.

*"The time draws close—Kitty, guard her well;
For this one hour 'tis Shamus needs me most."*



THE CAPTAIN AND KITTY.

*"So it's kisses you are craving,
You big soldier man!"*



THE CAPTAIN AND KITTY.

*"Before I yield or listen
There's the cautious 'if!'"*



THE CAPTAIN AND KITTY.

I'm as proud as any duchess!"



THE CAPTAIN AND NORA.

"Have mercy, your honour!"

A MASTER OF X-RAYS.

CHAT WITH MR. CAMPBELL SWINTON.

We have most of us by this time heard of Mr. Campbell Swinton's name in connection with the new photography. When a young man comes rapidly to the front, it may be taken for granted that it is worth while hearing about him. This is a talk (a *Sketch* interviewer writes)

which I had the other morning with Mr. Campbell Swinton at his office in Victoria Street.

He is a Scotsman, of course, fair-haired, fully the average height, lithely built, with bright, eager eyes, and a vivacious face. That, or something like that, is the man. He is always busy, and the greatest boon you can confer on a busy man is to occupy as little of his time as possible. I put that proposition to Mr. Campbell Swinton, and he laughed his agreement. Thus I was free to ask my questions bluntly, bluntness being the soul of brevity, as the latter is the soul of wit. Well, that is an epigram which may be open to discussion, only, fortunately, there is not time for it just now.

"I think, Mr. Campbell Swinton, you are a Border Scotsman, a native of Berwickshire?"

"Yes," he said; "Berwickshire is my native county, and

my eldest brother still possesses the family place there. My father was for years Professor of Civil Law in the University of Edinburgh. I was educated chiefly at Fettes College, and afterwards I went to France for some time."

"Perhaps the fact that you lived so near the English border had something to do with your going to the great Armstrong factory at Elswick?"

"I went to Armstrong's to serve my apprenticeship as an engineer. After about two years—in 1884, I fancy—I became identified with the electric-lighting work of the firm. I had taken up electricity as an amusement, and at this time electric-lighting was just being introduced into warships."

"And you had a good deal to do with the pioneer experiments at Elswick?"

"I arranged the electric installation for quite a number of warships, several of which have become historic in connection with modern naval fights. One was the *Blanco Encalada*, built for the Chilean Government, and sunk in the Chilean War. Another was the *Ching Yuen*, which, as you will remember, figured in the war between China and Japan. Here are pictures of the *Blanco Encalada*, the *Ching Yuen*, and other warships." He pointed to the group of pictures hanging on one of the walls of his office. A photograph showing a striking figure and face—who was that? "Lord Armstrong," Mr. Campbell Swinton replied.

"How long were you at Armstrong's altogether?"

"About five years, and I am still retained by them as a consulting engineer. I decided to try my fortunes in London as an independent electrical engineer. Since coming to London, in 1887, I have, among other things, superintended the introduction of electricity into Scotland Yard, and the electric lighting of the Metropolitan Police buildings generally is in my hands. I mention these facts because they relate to a public body, not because they affect my own labours. Why trouble you with myself, unless, indeed, in such an undertaking, again, as I am now concerned in at North Shields."

"Some new application of electricity, I suppose?"

"The idea is the pumping of pontoon docks by electricity, a thing that has never been done before. The scheme involves one of the largest transmissions of electrical power that has been attempted in this country."

"Some of your experiments at the Royal Society conversazioni, in reference to electricity, have, I believe, been very interesting?"

"You may have in your mind particularly the experiment with the object of showing how it is possible to pass sufficient electrical currents through a human body to light an electric lamp. Suppose you take hold of a knob connected to a suitable source of electricity, and suppose I take hold of another knob, also connected to the source of electricity. Then we join the circuit by each taking hold of one terminal of an electric lamp; and here you get the light—a strong-enough current, certainly, to give an eight candle-power light. This experiment was on similar lines to those conducted by Tesla, the American scientist."

"I know you also exhibited some notable photographs of electric sparks; and that brings us naturally to your part in reference to the new photography?"

"I have been an amateur photographer for a long time; it has been a favourite hobby with me. The reason why I took up the new

photography was that I had myself been experimenting in certain directions. Thus I had all the apparatus, and, within a day or two of the receipt of the cablegrams about Röntgen's discovery, I was able to produce photographs by the *x*-rays. I think I was the first in England to experiment successfully in the discovery, and the photographs which I exhibited at the Camera Club attracted a great deal of attention."

"Have not your experiments brought you correspondence from various people anxious to turn the new photography to account?"

"Bundles of correspondence. Doctors especially have applied to me with the object of identifying extraneous substances in the human body. A friend of my own had at one time broken a soda-water bottle in his hand, which subsequently troubled him a good deal. We found, by means of photography, that two pieces of the bottle had been left in the hand, and we located their precise position. In another case, where a blacksmith had run a piece of iron into his hand, I found that a foreign substance, a piece of scale perhaps, had remained behind."

"There can be little doubt, in your view, that the new photography will prove of the highest service to the art of the physician, and so to suffering humanity?"

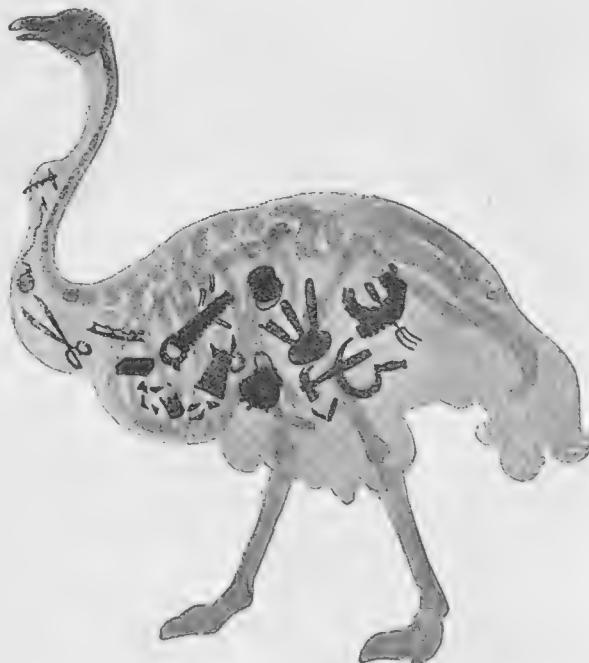
"As I said in my lecture the other evening, before the Society of Arts, Röntgen's discovery, although only a few weeks old, is already bearing fruit as applied to practical surgery. It can scarcely fail, on further improvement, to become still more valuable. There is every prospect that we may be able, by its means, to determine the extent of calcareous deposits in the interior organs of the body, malformations and diseases of the bone, and so on. In time it may even be possible to photograph, or, what would be still more useful, to see the interior organs of the body in operation."

"Already it is possible, is it not, to see extraneous substances in the flesh, without having to go through the process of photographing them?"

"That is so; Professor Salvioni has described an instrument which achieves this. I have been able to see distinctly the shadows of coins in purses, of metallic objects in wooden boxes, and through aluminium plates, and even to see with considerable distinctness an image of the bones in the thicker portion of my own hand. At present, the instrument is very imperfect, but one imagines that it may be capable of great improvement. Having regard to the bearing of these discoveries upon practical surgery, and in answer to the requests made to me, I have decided to establish a laboratory to which surgeons might bring their patients to be tested. The undertaking will be in the hands of one of my assistants, as I cannot spare the time myself, but it will be under my superintendence and responsibility."

And with this I came away, knowing much more than I had known of a young scientist who promises to make a permanent mark in our annals.

It is curious to see how the word-makers are amusing themselves by inventing epithets for the "new photography." Among some of these is "cathodograph," which is not desirable, as the cathode rays are only indirectly concerned in the production of the picture. Of the other words suggested, "radiograph" is too comprehensive; "skotograph,"



TAKEN AFTER AN AFRICAN TABLE D'HÔTE.

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derived from the Greek word for "darkness," being the opposite of "photograph," is excellent; and so are "shadowgraph" and "skiagraph," both meaning the same thing. The former word is a combination of English and Greek, the latter is pure Greek. The *x*-rays have come as a boon and a blessing to the comic artist, as the accompanying cut from *Life* amply testifies.

MARY ANDERSON'S MEMOIRS.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The hard-worked journalist who has made a study of the stage will for the future—as, indeed, he has done in the past—bless the name of Mary Anderson. Scarcely a day passes that I am not consulted, by people of whom I know nothing, about the stage as a profession for young girls. Cardinals, directresses of convents, fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts, have all corresponded with me on the subject of stage-struck girls. The boys, as a rule, fish for themselves. Hitherto, to the detriment of my work, I have prepared elaborate essays deprecating a stage career, saying that the profession is overstocked, pointing out the danger of yielding to a natural ambition, and so on. Now I can save myself all this trouble, and simply say, “My dear young lady, if you want to know the truth about the matter, read the delightful memoirs of Mary Anderson.” Thus I shall wriggle conveniently out of the difficulty, and, I hope, assist Miss Mary Anderson’s publishers (Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.) in circulating a very delightful book. Thanks to Miss Mary Anderson, we have the whole stage-struck question in a nutshell. A deeply religious girl, admirably brought up and tenderly loved, is suddenly inspired by Shakspere with a passion for acting. Her stepfather takes down a red-and-gold volume of the bard from a book-shelf, reads “Hamlet,” and the disease for acting begins on the instant. All stage-struck girls of to-day will like to know how the love of Shakspere led to the first appearance of Mary Anderson in what is known as the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room—

At the age of twelve I first heard the name of him who was to awaken the serious side of my nature and eventually shape my later career. One night, Dr. Griffin, who had, in his youth, prided himself on his acting as an amateur, took down from the book-shelf a large, well-worn red-and-gold volume. “This,” he said, “contains all the plays of William Shakspere, and I mean to read to you the great master’s masterpiece, ‘Hamlet.’” Though I understood nothing of the subtle thought and beauty of the tragedy, the mere story, characters, and, above all, that wonderful though nameless atmosphere that pervades all of Shakspere’s dramatic works, delighted and thrilled me. For days I could think of nothing but the pale face and inky cloak of the melancholy prince. The old red volume had suddenly become like a casket filled with jewels, whose flames and flashes, I thought, might glorify a life. I often stopped to look at it with longing eyes, and one day could not resist climbing up to take it from its shelf. From that time most of my play-hours were spent poring over it.

One night, not long after, the family were surprised to see me enter the parlour, enveloped in one of Dr. Griffin’s army-cloaks. I was scowling tragically, and at once began the speech—

“Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn’d,”

my version being—

“Angels and minstrels, of grace, defend us!—Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin dame!”

The latter innovation was made to evade having on my conscience so sinful a “swear” as damned. Those present, seeing the drift of my entrance, burst into laughter at the droll little figure with its much bepowdered face. Feeling this to be disrespectful, I indignantly quitted the room, falling over the cumbersome cloak in what was meant to be a majestic exit. Certainly a very unpromising first appearance in the bard’s great masterpiece.

But no rose ever bloomed without a concealed thorn. The enthusiastic girl soon found out her mistake. An ideal stage career is one thing, a practical one quite another. She discovered the selfishness and vulgarity of the profession. The insults she received wounded her to the quick. It irritated her to be compared to “show-folk,” though in reality, being on the stage, she was part and parcel of a show, and she made up her mind, after all her artistic and social success, that simple domesticity and peace were more valuable to her than the greatest success on the stage. And so it came about that, when the lovely Mary Anderson had been able by her talent and industry to make all she loved happy, and when she found a loyal companion for life in whom she trusted, she turned her back on the stage for ever and ever. The trial had been made, in her case, most successfully; the natural vanity had received its accustomed shock; the seamy side of the profession had been revealed to a very sensitive nature; and in the end she seems to agree with the sentiments of her first religious director, who only forgave her on his death-bed, and in the sternly Calvinistic opinions of Cardinal Manning, whose detestation of the stage and theatrical people amounted to a mania.

In the book I find a characteristic note on the subject of what

are generally called “problem plays,” which will be read with some interest—

When such works not only draw the public, but influence it for good, one cannot but regret that so many which leave a painful, often a harmful, effect should be produced. I am aware that to say this is to run counter to the latest development of the drama, but I fortify my opinion by recalling what Joseph Jefferson once said to me. He was very severe upon plays that drag one through the mire of immorality, even when they show a good lesson at the end. “What I could not invite my friends to hear and see in my own parlour,” he said, “I would not feel at liberty to put before my friends in the theatre.”

I remember that at a luncheon-party, years after the above conversation, “La Tosca” was discussed, and Mr. James Russell Lowell was asked what he thought of the play. “I have not seen it,” he answered. “I refuse to have my mind dragged in the gutter. If Madame Bernhardt will appear in such plays, I, for one, will forego the pleasure of seeing her act.” I have also heard Tennyson declaim against “this realism, this degradation of the drama,” as he called it.

But Miss Mary Anderson can tell a funny story when she likes. Here is one of a false move in “realism” in connection with a too-loquacious donkey—

Those who have seen Mr. W. S. Gilbert’s play called “Comedy and Tragedy” will remember that Clarisse, under great excitement, has suddenly to stop and gain her composure as she hears the approaching carriages of the guests—the Duc d’Orléans, the Abbé Dubois, and the usual crowd of courtiers of the profligate Regency. “Hark!” she says, “I hear the wheels of their carriages.” We obtained the effects of approaching wheels, but, try as we would, the stamping of the horses’ feet upon the gravel before Clarisse’s door we could not manage. At last a brilliant idea struck me, which the stage-manager promptly endorsed. It was that we should have in a donkey from Covent Garden to trot up and down behind the scenes on the gravel specially laid for him. We were decidedly nervous on the first appearance of our four-footed friend, whose rôle was to counterfeit the high-stepping horses of the brilliant French Court. When his cue was given there was only an ominous silence. I repeated the word in a louder voice, when such a braying and scuffling was heard as sent the audience into roars of laughter. Although it was one of the most serious situations in the play, I could not help joining in their mirth until the tears rolled down my cheeks. That was the greatest lesson I ever had against too much realism.



MISS MARY ANDERSON IN “THE LADY OF LYONS.”

From a Painting by G. H. Boughton, R.A.

A JAPANESE ACTRESS.

She was the leading actress in Nagasaki, my Japanese interpreter told me, as he and I sat together in a “box” in the chief theatre in that town—a “box” for which we had paid the extravagant sum of two yen (about four shillings); then he added, as an after-thought, “And you would like to see her privately in her room?”

Of course, I expressed my delight. A private chat with a European actress may or may not be an everyday occurrence with some of us, but a special interview with a Japanese “star,” a sort of Oriental Ellen Terry, so I supposed, would certainly be a novel experience for me.

However, she was not alone. Squatting upon a mat, we found the clever little Japanese jangling whose realistic performance we had just witnessed, and in the background sat her papa and her mamma. As we entered, the three greeted us in orthodox Oriental style, begging us, so the

interpreter explained, to be seated and drink tea. Naturally, our “conversation” was not precisely remarkable either for wit or repartee, my vocabulary being limited to two or three words.

With the aid of a series of little smiles and sniffs and signs on her part, however, she made us understand that she welcomed us and wished us well, while a few inane grins on our side seemed fully to satisfy her that we were pleased at and appreciated her hospitality.

“And it is customary,” explained my companion, when I suggested that we should take our leave—“it is customary, upon such occasions, for visitors to give the lady a small pecuniary gift before they leave, especially distinguished Europeans.”

“Distinguished Europeans”! That settled it. Fifty dollars, or a ten-pound note, at the very least, she would expect, I mentally conjectured. What distinguished European would offer less? What monetary souvenir could an illustrious foreigner, without receiving the snub direct, offer to Miss Julia Neilson, for instance, or, let us say, to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, or to Mrs. Bernard Beere, upon such a momentous occasion?

“And about what sum would the lady accept?” I asked my interpreter awkwardly. “About how much could I offer?”

He paused to think.

“If you could spare a yen” (about a florin), he answered, with hesitation, “the lady would feel extremely flattered.”

I spared two.

BASIL TOZER.



MISS MARY ANDERSON IN 1895.

Photo by Adolph Meyer.

MISS MARY ANDERSON.

From a Sketch in Oils by G. F. Watts, R.A.

IN ALBANIAN COSTUME (1888).

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

Photo by Howells and Meyer.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The Royal Society of British Artists has just opened its hundred and fifth exhibition at Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. There is here, it cannot be denied, a very considerable variety of work, if the variety is not altogether upon the topmost plane of art. When all is said and done, we are not at all sure that we do not prefer the President's (Mr. Wyke Bayliss) work to any other in this collection. It has the merit of being honest, conscientious, finely conceived, and finely wrought out. His "Interior of Milan Cathedral" is more elaborate and more seriously considered than his "Sunrise in the Duomo, Orvieto," but it is this last work which we prefer, and that on account of the intrusion of a certain poetry and nobility of sentiment, in its feeling for dawn within shadowy interiors.

Not very far from Mr. Wyke Bayliss's "Milan Cathedral" hang two pictures which certainly deserve one word of comment. They are both

"Sunset in the Engadine"—so we may compress its somewhat bulky title—is charming in sentiment and in a kind of quiet realisation of significant beauty. A portrait in three positions, after the manner of the National Gallery "Richelieu," by Mr. A. Leicester Burroughs, R.B.A., called "In Varying Moods," has some admirable passages of modelling, and is, moreover, satisfactory in a world of flimsiness by reason of its sturdiness and strength.

By the time these words are in print the sixteenth annual Whitechapel Fine Art Exhibition will have been opened by the Right Hon. Lord Herschell at Toynbee Hall, Commercial Street, E. It will be open to the public at 6 p.m., and will remain open every day from 10 to 10, Sundays included, the last day being Sunday, April 19. Special features of this year's exhibition will be Burne-Jones's "St. George and the Dragon" series, Leighton's "Michael Angelo," Millais' portrait of



A DREYER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

and kindly, and for two distinct reasons. The first is one called "Children" by Mr. H. P. Friswell, and, in very truth, it has the essential defect of all Millet's best qualities. We forgive—it is so common!—the everyday deflection from an ideal standard which men, brothers, and artists hourly achieve; but the needlessness of this apparition of Millet, as the very influence which has caused Mr. Friswell so to deflect, is a little heart-breaking. The second work we wish to notice is by Mr. William Strutt, R.B.A., and is called "Under the Angel's Wing." It is not so much the domestic ideal, fatally realised, of the two cherubic children seated upon an extremely cold, white bed, to which we object, as the physical appearance of the Angel's wing, which, drawn like a canopy over the children's heads, is unattached to any visible Angel. "Under the Goose's Wing" would have been quite as satisfactory a title, if one may venture, without much knowledge of natural history, to judge the species of the model employed by Mr. Strutt.

"A Pearly Morning" by Mr. W. Ayers Ingram, R.B.A., contains some charming atmospheric efforts, and Mrs. Marable's water-colour,

Mr. Gladstone, and Wyllie's "Work-a-day England." The committee has also been able to secure pictures by Watts, Herkomer, Orchardson, Briton Rivière, Stacy Marks, Leader, Alfred Parsons, and other well-known artists.

We reproduce from a series of extremely interesting landscapes of the Deeside Highlands some of the results of the labours of Mr. J. Clayton Adams recently exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. As Mr. J. M. Bulloch points out in a gay and extremely interesting preface to the catalogue of the series, this artist, together with Mr. H. Wake Cook, has been among the pioneers in art to discover—in the widest sense of the term—the country which the Queen, in act, "discovered" nearly fifty years ago. This artist, then, has succeeded in catching the beautiful landscapes in a multitude of lovely aspects, and has rendered his impressions with much charm and distinction. As Mr. Bulloch puts it, "It is a wonderful country," and the two artists have "broken excellent ground in unrolling the picturesque panorama, which too few of their countrymen are familiar with."

THE DEESIDE HIGHLANDS.

As Pictured by Mr. J. Clayton Adams at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.

BELOW THE FALLS OF GARRAWALT.



ON THE BANKS OF THE DEE.



NEAR THE FORD ON THE DEE.



THE FEARDER GLEN.



THE GARRY AT ALDCLUNE.



LOCH TUMMEL.



THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.



JUNE FLOWERS, CRATHIE.

AN ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO.*

A CHAT WITH MR. H. H. H. CAMERON.

Many scribes and others have lately been vexing their souls over the question, "Is photography an art?" Those who favour the affirmative and those who favour the negative answer would do well to visit the



TENNYSON.—JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

Cameron Studio in Mortimer Street, where pictures are to be seen that will absolutely confirm the former class of controversialists in their opinion, and do much to convert the latter.

It was my good fortune (writes a *Sketch* representative) to spend a pleasant afternoon recently with Mr. H. H. H. Cameron in his studio, looking over the artist's work, and listening to his very interesting

* With Photographs by Mr. H. H. H. Cameron.



STUDY OF A CHILD.

reminiscences of the numberless celebrated persons whom he claims not only as sitters, but as intimate and valued friends. But it was not to his own work that Mr. Cameron first drew my attention.

"This portrait of Sir John Herschel," he said, "is one of the finest examples of my mother's work."

The picture, which is a splendid study in light and shade, occupies a prominent position, and is, indeed, the first thing that arrests the visitor's eye on entering the gallery. The artist's words reminded me that the late Mrs. Cameron's portraits are quite as celebrated as those which her son now produces with such unique success.

Just below the Herschel portrait hangs one of Sir Henry Irving as Becket, taken by Mr. Cameron.

"Is Sir Henry a good sitter?"

"Admirable. He has such perfect control of feature."

"Of course, you have to deal with sitters of every temperament?"

"My first endeavour is to put everyone completely at his ease. I have discarded all the usual formidable accessories that are so disturbing. I gauge my sitter as nearly as possible, and discover the moment just



"FOR HE CONTINUED IN PRAYER THROUGH THE NIGHT." LOUISA LADY WATERFORD.

when he or she is himself or herself. In dealing with restless or nervous persons, I lead them to understand that their restlessness does not matter. Almost at once they fall into repose."

"Do you let them know the precise moment?"

"With some it is better to do so; with others, not. What are my favourite studies? Well, perhaps children and young people." Mr. Cameron indicated some exquisite pictures of child-life and youth. Perhaps the most striking was a really noble head of an Italian fisher-boy. This study was executed not long ago at Sorrento.

While in this nook of the studio, Mr. Cameron took up a plaster cast of a head of singularly pure outline. "You would not guess," he said, "that no hand or modelling-tool has touched this intaglio. It is an idea of my own—sculpture-photography. I have been experimenting to perfect the process for some time. Here you have a copper cast from the plaster. I am particularly satisfied with the eye."

"May I inquire if you have experimented in other directions?"

Mr. Cameron pointed to a frame containing three reproductions from Grenze, one of them the exquisite "Listener." "These," he said, "you will notice are printed on silk, by a process of my own. The texture of the fabric gives a wonderful effect in different lights." Mr. Cameron turned the picture as he spoke, and illustrated his meaning to his visitor. The effect, unfortunately, cannot be reproduced by any verbal description; but for softness, richness, and rarity, these reproductions occupy a unique place in photographic art.

"Here are some reproductions I should like you specially to note," continued my informant, "from the pictures of Lady Waterford, whose

work is far too little known. Very few people are aware that in this nineteenth century we had among us a woman with the spirit of the Old Masters. Notice the suggestion of the Madonna in this composition—it represents a charitable family relieving a poor woman and her child.



HOSANNA.—LOUISA LADY WATERFORD.

The mother and child are the central figures. You see at once what they recall. Here, again, is 'Christ disputing with the Doctors'; and here we have two works of which I am especially fond—'He continued in prayer through the night' and 'Hosanna.' The original of this picture—'Angels beside a Dying Child'—was painted by Lady Waterford at a time when there had been a great mortality among the children of her tenantry. The Marchioness undertook the composition in hopes of bringing some comfort to the bereaved mothers. Mr. G. F. Watts has the deepest admiration for Lady Waterford's paintings. I may mention one remarkable fact about her work. She worked largely by night-light, but knew her colours so thoroughly that in day-light they were just as she wished them to be. Her colouring is of remarkable brilliancy and purity."

After we had looked through a large volume of Mr. Cameron's beautiful reproductions of Lady Waterford's drawings, two of which he kindly gave me for *The Sketch*, we went upstairs to a glass-house, which is arranged in the simplest possible manner. It contains, besides the essential camera, a sofa, a chair, and a plain background.

"I don't believe in castles and balustrades," the artist remarked; "and as for that instrument of torture, the head-rest, I have nothing to do with it. You see this lens? It was my mother's. I use it constantly.

I call it my 'fairy legacy.' When the blight on the coffee-plant robbed me of the fortune I had made as a planter in Ceylon, I was left with this old 'brass eye,' which restored my luck. As a lens, it is nothing remarkable—an ordinary French one, of the kind there is a tendency to sneer at just now—but no other gives me such good results. I believe I may say that the images of more celebrated people have passed through this than through any other lens in existence."

Just adjoining Mr. Cameron's glass-house is the roof of St. George's Hall. "Is it true," I asked, "that Mr. Corney Grain and others, like Balbus in the exercise-book, used to hop over the wall to your studio?"

"Quite true. The German Reed artists used to come to be



MRS. CAMERON.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.

photographed in costume; and, to save trouble, they came out at that door in the roof, stepped over the parapet, and so straight in here."

We turned to go downstairs again, but first Mr. Cameron took me into his dark-room. "Just before you came," he said, "I had a sitting from Mrs. Scott Siddons." As he took the negative from its bath to show me, I thought it opportune to ask for some account of Mr. Cameron's "celebrity" work, which has a peculiar interest, seeing that his distinguished sitters have also been his intimate personal friends.

Mr. Cameron could have granted my request in no more appropriate fashion than he did. When we descended again to the gallery, he laid before me a copy of his *magnum opus*—*"Tennyson and his Friends,"* a series of portraits by the late Mrs. Cameron and her son (some from the life, others from the paintings of Mr. G. F. Watts), representing the Laureate and his circle. The introduction to the book bears the signature "Anne Thackeray Ritchie," and the editor himself contributes a prefatory note. Besides the portraits of Tennyson (by Mrs. and Mr. Cameron) may be mentioned those of Mrs. Ritchie, a reproduction of Mrs. Cameron's own portrait by Mr. Watts (who, by the way, gave her the greatest encouragement in her work), and portraits from the life (by Mr. Cameron) of Carlyle, Mr. Lecky, Dr. Jowett, and James Russell Lowell.

We resumed our walk round the gallery, while Mr. Cameron pointed out works that have historical value—many of them "last portraits" of great men departed. Among these are autographed pictures of Browning and Tennyson, which are appropriately framed together. Not far from these hangs a portrait of peculiar interest. It represents Mr. G. F. Watts at work on his great statue of "Energy." "The statue," said Mr. Cameron, "was originally called 'Vital Energy.' I once told Mr. Watts that the title should strictly apply to himself; you know he is an untiring worker."

Then came a pleasant little incident in the interview. A cosy nook of the studio is dedicated to Mr. Cameron's niece, Miss B. Cameron, a young lady who is developing an original method of wood-decoration. She is also reviving the art of the picture-frame, and has won high commendation from distinguished artists. Mr. Cameron introduced me, and we had a pleasant chat, while Miss Cameron showed me many specimens of her handiwork.



MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A., AT WORK ON HIS EQUESTRIAN STATUE.

THE IRISH VICEROY.

The close of one of the most brilliant vice-regal seasons ever witnessed in Dublin seems a particularly appropriate time for the publication of the accompanying excellent portrait of the Lord-Lieutenant, under whose gracious and successful régime the almost forgotten glories of Dublin Castle have been so magnificently revived. Ever since Earl Cadogan's arrival in Ireland last August, and more especially from the time his Irish descent was proclaimed and recognised, his viceroyalty might be best compared to a royal progress. Everywhere he and the Countess Cadogan have been received with open arms, and they have accepted the greetings of the multitude in the happiest and most flattering manner; their patronage and presence have been eagerly sought for at all public functions, and the graciousness with which they have responded with these occasions demands that there has undoubtedly been a long way to ebb in the honour they conferred.



EARL CADOGAN.

His Excellency is a very happy and eloquent speaker, and nowhere more than in Ireland is the gift of eloquence appreciated. In the early days of his rule, which as yet can only be computed by months, the Lord-Lieutenant interested himself in all the movements for the development and benefit of the country. He has accepted the presidency of numerous societies, and has identified himself with the Irish Tourist Development Association, from which in the near future great things are expected; and last, but not least, his love and encouragement of sport have won for him the suffrages of the populace. Several horses now in training will carry Lord Cadogan's colours at the Leopardstown meeting on April 24 and 25, and rumour says that his Excellency purposes adding to the number of his racers, which will probably be trained in Ireland later on. Publicly and privately, Lord Cadogan has entertained on a magnificent scale, and those who were present at the large dinners and state balls at the Castle during the past five weeks are loud in their praise of the lavish

Low & T. Lang. Lord G. Berwick. Hon. T. St. L. Mr. A. Dill. Hon. W. Lambton.
Col. Dundas. Hon. G. Cholmondeley. Sir. J. M. Maguire. Mr. H. P. Herbert, M.P. Mr. J. McCaw. Mr. V. Corkran. Lieut. W. J.
Col. Ponsonby. Col. Williamson. Sir W. Keppel, K.C.B. His Excellency. Lord Ligonier. Lord Langford. Hon. Orme Quaife.



Genl. W. C. French. Col. Ponsonby. Col. Williamson. Sir W. Keppel, K.C.B. His Excellency. Lord Ligonier. Lord Langford. Hon. Orme Quaife.
EARL CADOGAN AND HIS STAFF.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

hospitality and the brilliancy and *éclat* which marked all these festivities. None the less surely has the Countess Cadogan been winning her way into the hearts of the people by her fascinating manner and kindly sympathy. No duty of her high position is postponed or neglected; whether receiving the *élite* of the land at Dublin Castle, or bending over the cot of some suffering patient in a hospital, the same indescribable charm makes itself felt, and the "Queen," as she is called by a quaint conceit of the Dublin folk, has evoked an admiration as enthusiastic as it is universal. During the first few months of her residence in Ireland she paid visits to all the Dublin hospitals and principal charitable institutions, and displayed a rare intelligence and interest in the welfare and management of these philanthropic works. At the Castle she has acted as hostess to many thousands of guests this spring, and in the recognition of faces and names she has proved herself possessed of quite a royal memory.

But it would be impossible to write further of her Excellency without mentioning Lady Sophie Cadogan, her second and only unmarried daughter, who is her constant companion. Unlike her mother, who is a

orders and the blue ribbon of St. Patrick across his Levée-dress. To his right is his private secretary, Sir William Kaye, C.B., LL.D., who for many years filled the important post of Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Ireland; beside him, Lieut.-Colonel Donaldson, one of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting. Colonel F. R. Forster, Master of the Horse, has on his right Captain Hon. Murrough O'Brien, A.D.C., who is Lord Inchiquin's second son, and is in the Northumberland Fusiliers. To his Excellency's left sits his son-in-law, Lord Lurgan, who holds the post of State Steward to the Viceregal Court; and next him is Lord Langford, the Comptroller; Captain the Hon. Otway Cuffe being the last on the front row. At the back are the following members of the staff: Mr. Algernon Peel, Additional Private Secretary; Mr. Herbert H. Fetherstonhaugh, Gentleman-in-Waiting; Mr. Victor Corkran, Assistant Private Secretary, and Mr. James McCraw, Assistant Private Secretary (finance). The aides-de-camp include Lord Athlumley, Coldstream Guards; Captain H. Dundas, 15th Hussars; Hon. Gerald Cadogan, 3rd Battalion Suffolk Regiment; Lord Charles Bentinck, 9th Lancers; Lieutenant St. John Meyrick, Gordon Highlanders; Hon. F. Stanley,



LADY SOPHIE CADOGAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. ROBINSON AND SONS, DUBLIN.

handsome blonde, Lady Sophie may be briefly described as of that rare type of beauty which combines the most exquisitely fair complexion and clearly cut features with the dark, brilliant eyes and soft brown hair of a brunette. Whether in the mazes of a waltz, or, ardent cyclist that she is, on her "bike," whether walking in the stately viceregal procession, or mounted on her favourite hunter (see illustration), her grace of movement is singularly apparent. Accustomed to the saddle from her earliest childhood, she possesses a beautiful and firm seat on horseback, and freely expresses her intense enjoyment of the hunting in Ireland, where, even in the trappiest parts of the country, she negotiates the most difficult-looking hedges and alarming doubles with a skill and pluck that are at once the admiration and envy of many an experienced Nimrod. Lady Cadogan and Lady Lurgan have constantly been seen in the hunting-field this spring, and at the recent viceregal point-to-point races, Lady Lurgan and Lady Sophie Cadogan rode the entire course, which was by no means an easy one, and next winter both ladies intend to indulge their love of the chase even more frequently than heretofore.

During the Castle season the Lord-Lieutenant has had the assistance of an unusually large and distinguished staff, many members of which were photographed with his Excellency on the day of the Levée, and the group forms a pleasing memento of that most successful function. In the centre of the party is seated the Lord-Lieutenant, with his

Grenadier Guards; Hon. William Lambton, Coldstream Guards; and Lieutenant W. J. B. Van de Weyer, 3rd Battalion Berkshire Regiment.

Unfortunately, this group does not include many well-known personages, such as Mr. Arthur Vicars, Ulster King of Arms; Mr. John Olphert, Gentleman Usher; and Colonel Gerald Dease, Chamberlain; but of those portrayed it may be said that the likenesses are exceedingly good and lifelike.

THE OCEAN SPRITE.

All day I sit in my emerald cave,
Singing, forlorn,
Under the glimmering, whispering wave,
Ere the night is born;
And when the moon throws back her veil
Of pearly cloud,
And emerges radiant, tender, pale,
From her dusky shroud,
I arise upborne by the waters wild
And chant with the storm,
And the fisherman flies like a frightened child
At the sight of my form.—F. M. W. T. (cont. II).

THE INDIAN STAGE.

A CHAT WITH MR. TWINNING.

There are no long dramatic runs in India. "Would to Heaven there were!" said Mr. Twinning, lessee of the Corinthian Theatre, Calcutta, to a representative of *The Sketch*. This caterer to the Indian theatrical public has to change his bill twice a week; he requires, therefore, a larger répertoire and more rehearsals than all the London theatres put together. "In India," he remarked, "people won't come to see the same piece twice. This, together with the fact that the Indian theatre-going public is less extensive than the English, accounts for the hard labour at rehearsal to which we are perpetually condemned."

Without regarding English managers as constitutionally lazy, Mr. Twinning considers that, when they have the same play running for three or four hundred nights, they must be tortured with *ennui* for want of something to do, and that they would find it a pleasant change to go out to Calcutta, and taste a bit of the hurry, scurry,

hurry, and worry involved in management there. It is interesting to learn from Mr. Twinning that the Indian public will not have serious drama at any price; that the finest representations of Shakspere will only draw a handful of connoisseurs. Nothing but comedies and burlesques will put money into the Indian manager's purse.

Mr. Twinning contends, not without reason, that the Indian stage is the finest school in the world for an actor. He points out that, in London, playing in a long-run piece, the actor settles down in a groove to a particular style, and continues in that groove, as on tram-lines, when he goes upon tour in the provinces with the selfsame piece.



MR. TWINNING.

Photo by V. H. Chintamani and Co.

The cream of society attend the theatre in India. The boxes cost thirty rupees (a rupee representing about fifteenpence); the "front seats," or orchestral stalls, four rupees; the dress-circle three rupees; and the "back seats" (answering to our pit) two rupees. The performance



MISS LUCIA HARWOOD.

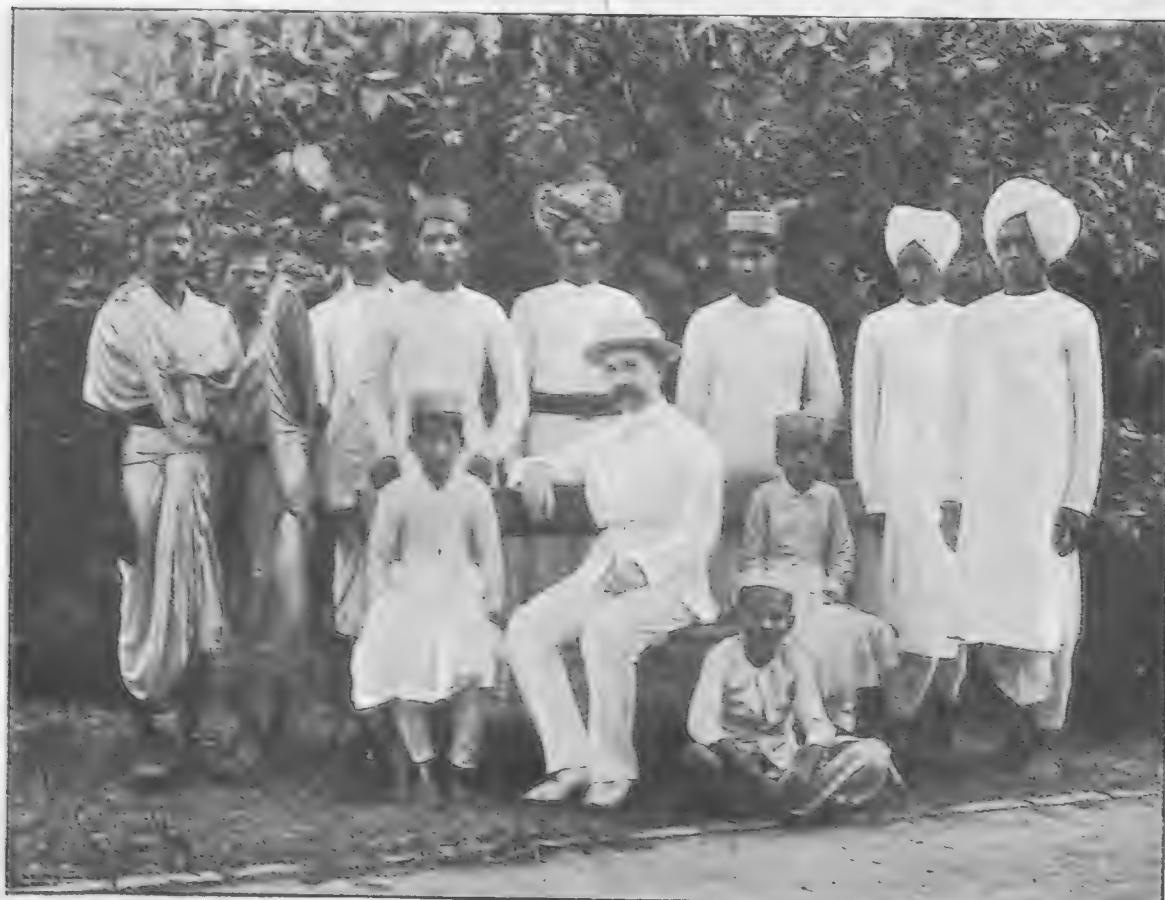
Photo by Hana, Strand.

commences after dinner, at 9.15 p.m., and terminates just before midnight. Everyone drives to and from the theatre in his own carriage. His Highness the Maharajah Sir Jotindro Mohun Tagore Bahudoor, K.C.S.I., is one of Mr. Twinning's most exalted patrons, and it was he who presented that manager with the Indian dress which he is wearing in one of the photographs we reproduce. His Highness is the greatest Shaksperian scholar in India. His brother, Sir Rajah Surendro Mohun Tagore, Kt., C.I.E., is recognised as the most famous amateur musician among the Indian community.

Mr. Twinning's orchestra consists of Indian instrumentalists from Goa, under the bâton of a European conductor. Musical by instinct, every one of these performers can play two or three instruments to perfection.

Space prohibits any satisfactory record of the highly amusing incidents recently experienced in London by Mr. Twinning while engaging his latest company. One elderly lady, very corpulent and excessively vulgar, called upon him at his hotel, and said that she would like to take the part of "first boy." Somewhat aghast, Mr. Twinning (who is a bit of a humorist) reviewed her portly dimensions and replied, "Unhappily, Madam, we are not playing 'Pickwick,' otherwise the part of the Fat Boy should unquestionably be assigned to you." "Well, you are silly to lose the chance," continued the lady, "because I am a good dancer, and I strip very well." Whereupon, the situation getting too serious for him, Mr. Twinning precipitately fled.

Asked whether he had ever written a play, Mr. Twinning said,



MR. TWINNING AND SOME OF HIS SERVANTS.

Photo by V. H. Chintamani and Co.

with a wicked managerial twinkle in his left eye, "There are degrees of insanity; I have not yet gone sufficiently off my head for *that* kind of thing." It is refreshing to meet with a manager who is not an aspiring dramatist.

Mention may be made of two of Mr. Twining's company, Miss Lucia Harwood and Miss Rita d'Angeli. Miss Harwood was once intimately associated for a long period with the London stage. When she was little more than a baby she became a member of Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum Company, and remained in it twelve years, playing numerous child parts, and creating that of the little Princess Elizabeth in "Charles I." She accompanied Sir Henry Irving on his first American tour, and on her return to England accepted an offer to go to Australia, where she played leading parts, first with Mr. George Rignold, and later with Messrs. Brough and Boucicault. She remained in Australia and New Zealand for five years, playing in all the principal cities and towns. Shortly after her return to London she was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris as understudy to Miss Fanny Brough during the run of "A Prodigal Daughter" at Drury Lane. She afterwards went on tour with Mr. E. Garthorne's Comedy Company, playing the parts of Mrs. Beresford in "Impulse," and Mrs. Blyth in "The Colonel," with brilliant success. Some little time back Miss Harwood again left her native land, this time for India, having been engaged by Mr. Twining to play lead during the winter season there.

Miss d'Angeli, who also has gone to India, has played the part of Jennie Davies in "The Beggar's Opera," with Mr. Sims Reeves, at the Avenue Theatre; but her first engagement was for a part in "Falka," which was followed by others in various light operas and comedies. For the latter, Miss d'Angeli has been a pupil of Miss Carlotta Leclercq.



MISS RITA D'ANGELI.
Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Her voice was trained for some time in London, and then in Paris for two years, in view of grand opera, by Marchesi. She is an accomplished linguist, and can sing in five languages.

STAGE-STRUCK.

The acting mania is still as prevalent as ever. "I know you will tell me not to undertake the work," wrote an enthusiastic and beautiful amateur to one of our leading actors recently, "but I must, and I will. If you won't help me, I shall go to a regular agent. I don't mind what the part is, but I have made up my mind to go on the stage." These letters come every day to men holding prominent positions in the theatrical world, from utter strangers, intimate friends, and casual acquaintances. Most of the aspirants are of the fair sex, and seem to think that experience and training can be dispensed with, that the will to succeed implies the power. It is well known that certain theatres are largely recruited from the ranks of the wealthy middle class, and other people who do not look to their profession as the means of earning a living. For every vacancy there are dozens of applications.

WOMAN AS A WORKER.

Miss Margaret Bateson has written a timely book—to wit, "Conversations" with "Professional Women upon their Professions" (Horace Cox). There are twenty-five conversations on various forms of women's activity, each of them with a lady who has practically distinguished herself in some one branch of work. A paper on "Journalism for Women" is added, drawn from Miss Bateson's own wide experience of the profession, as well as one on "The Home Life of Professional Women." Miss Bateson's Preface is admirable. She explains that her book is for the girl who has not yet found her niche in the world, and is meant to help her to find it.

The typical father says, "I decline to let my daughter be a failure; she shall be either a genius or a wife." But, to a girl of spirit, the insipidity of domestic obscurity, putting marriage out of the question, is unendurable; and, as Miss Bateson says, what such a girl really wants is half an hour's talk with an experienced woman who has ideas to offer about the profession towards which the girl's own thoughts incline. Few girls are fortunate enough to get such a talk at the right moment; but Miss Bateson's book is an excellent substitute, is also a good justification of the art of the interviewer.

To begin with the profession. Miss Fanny Brough is exceedingly interesting on the Actors' Association, the need for a Conservatoire, or national school of dramatic art, and the injury done to the profession by the competition of wealthy amateurs.

Mrs. Mary Davies, with regard to singing as a profession, points out that training at the R.A.M. costs thirty guineas a-year, and at the R.C.M. forty guineas a-year. She lays stress on the necessity for proper and sufficient food and a regular life (no stimulants), and advises the student to practise light gymnastic exercises. She thinks that a good agent—though, of course, he cannot do everything—is of great service at the beginning in finding openings, and afterwards in advising and arranging about terms. The public singer must dress well, but not too gorgeously. Mrs. Davies does not think she has ever had prettier or more becoming concert-gowns than those she wore in the early days, which her mother made for her.

With regard to painting, Mrs. Ernest Normand (Henrietta Rae) is not very encouraging. The art schools are thronged with women who take the lion's share of the prizes, but afterwards are heard nothing of, perhaps because they lack real creative power. Both Mrs. Normand and her husband are rather opposed to particular courses of training for girls in art. There is no system for weeding out the incompetent girls who are not really determined to become artists. In spite of several highly gifted women artists, Mrs. Normand's advice is "Don't" to the average young lady who seeks a career in painting. Mrs. Normand says that she should ask herself, "When I have mastered the language of art, have I anything to say in it that will interest others?"

A more promising career for women, according to Miss C. Demain Hammond, lies in "black-and-white" illustration for the million. She favours the formation of a society for illustrators which would establish some fixed minimum of pay.

Business, in its various forms, is an interesting section of the book. Miss Amy Elizabeth Bell explains how it feels to be a lady stockbroker. She does not advise any woman to think of this career unless she has sufficient means to live upon, independently of business-profits. Mrs. Harold Cox cannot recommend accountancy and auditing to the average girl. Miss Mary E. Richardson tells the story of her management of the Bedford Park Stores, and Miss Cecil Gradwell says enough to show that there is a considerable demand for really capable women clerks. Mrs. Homan, Mrs. McCallum, and Mrs. Sheldon Amos throw light respectively upon School Board work, Poor Law administration, and Vestry work.

Other conversations from which much valuable information may be gathered are those with Miss Cooper on education, Mrs. Burgwin on the education of deficient children, Madame Bergman Österberg on physical training, Miss Weede on printing, Miss A. Hughes on photography, Madame Katti Lanner on ballet-dancing, Mrs. Boswell on dentistry, an anonymous lady doctor on medicine, Miss Pycroft on domestic training, Mrs. Montrose on laundry-work, Miss James on librarianship, and Miss Nancy Bailey on indexing.



MISS BATESON.
Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

CELT'S, SOME MORTALS, AND MR. W. SHARP.*

Young singers are plucking the old strings. The Celtie lyre—"The harp that once" resounded to the strenuous sweep of Ossian and his noble brotherhood—is being touched by new musicians, with somewhat of modernity in their manner, and with artifice but ill-concealed. This Neo-Celtic fraternity is to be commended for enthusiasm and almost



MRS. SHARP.

Photo by Lock and Whitfield, Regent Street, W.

justifiable self-confidence; but one's consideration for their claims is not much enhanced by a perusal of this collection of their verse, which Mr. William Sharp has got together. "Lyra Celtica" he calls it; "an anthology of representative Celtic poetry." One finds much with which to quarrel in this title and sub-title. Passing over the appropriateness of "Lyra Celtica" (inasmuch as a title is hardly ever a good index to the matter of a book, "Lyra Celtica" will do as well as anything else, and we all dearly love a little bit of Latin), one comes to discuss the suitability of "anthology" as a sub-title. Is "Lyra Celtica" an anthology? If to go into a garden, pluck an armful of flowers, weeds, and grass, give them a toss and a shuffle, tie a bit of string round the bundle, and call it a bouquet—if to do this is to produce a bouquet, then "Lyra Celtica" is an anthology. But if discrimination in selection and rejection, and taste in arrangement, be essentials to the artistic making of a bouquet—then "Lyra Celtica" is not an anthology. One cannot but admit the beauty of individual blossoms, scattered here and there through these four hundred pages; but they do not redeem the whole from monotonous commonplace. Further, "Lyra Celtica" is not a collection of "representative Celtic poetry." If it is representative, what has become of Rob Donn and Mary Mackellar, to mention two only of the Highland bards Mr. Sharp has left out in the cold? These omissions are the more unjust as Mr. Sharp has found places for some who are not Celtic at all, however fine their poetry is; let us give the names of, among others, Lord Byron, Mrs. Pfeiffer, Emily Brontë, Lady Caroline (*sic*) Nairne, Sir Noël Paton, the Earl of Southesk, Mr. John Davidson, Leconte de Lisle, and Bliss Carman. No careful examiner of the work of these poets would dare claim them as representative Celts; such a task is congenial only to one accustomed to fitting round pegs into square holes. Mr. Sharp is altogether too hospitable; and yet, were his accommodation more, he would like to find room for Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, &c. Powers of the *Quarterly*, savage and tartarly! Our young Endymion a Celt! "A Celt in name and spirit," Mr. Sharp may say. Nay, nay! However "we shift and bedeck and bedrape" Keats, the father of his spirit was "a God and a Greek." Much more of this unnecessary generosity characterises Mr. Sharp's introductory remarks and appended notes. But to be done

* "Lyra Celtica: an Anthology of Representative Celtic Poetry." Edited by Elizabeth Sharp, with Introduction and Notes by William Sharp. Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes and Colleagues.

with grumbling: one wishes the proof-reading had been attended to with more care, for nothing but sheer negligence (ineptitude is ruled out of court) could have allowed "Eirich agus tiugainn O!" (part of the refrain of Norman Macleod's well-known "Farewell to Fiunary") to be printed six times on one page as "Eirigh agus tingainn O."

But—and, indeed, it is time one said "but"—there are many fine things in "Lyra Celtica," many magnificent things, many haunting things, and, one would fain hope, immortal things. Such are Mr. W. B. Yeats' "The Lake of Innisfree" and "The White Birds"; Mr. Robert Buchanan's "The Strange Country" and "The Faëry Foster-mother" (why is not "The Ballad of Judas Iscariot" here?); Dr. Todhunter's "Irish Love Song"; Mrs. Katharine Tynan-Hinkson's "Winter Sunset" and "Shamrock Song"; Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Nelly of the Top-Knots"; Mr. Ernest Rhys' "The Night Ride"; M. Hervé-Noël le Breton's "The Burden of Lost Souls"; Mr. Bliss Carman's "The War-Song of Gamelbar" (not Celtic, but Scandinavian, for a ducat!), and a baker's dozen more. Of all the younger poets represented, the one whose reputation suffers least is undoubtedly Miss Fiona Macleod. Over her work one is inclined to be as enthusiastic as Mr. Sharp himself. Her verses have dignity, passion, directness, and that curious poignant weariness which for ever oppresses the heart of the true Highlander. In some of her verses there is beautiful music, eerie and ethereal; as, for example, "The Closing Doors" ("Eilidh" is to be pronounced "Eily," and not "Eye-ly," as Mr. Le Gallienne would have it).

There is splendid passion in "The Songs of Ethlenn Stuart," a new setting of the old story of confiding woman and thoughtless man. Here are two verses from one of the songs—

Perhaps he dreams in heaven now,
Perhaps he doth in worship bow,
A white flame round his foam-white brow,
Shule, shule, shule, agrâh!

I laugh to think of him like this,
Who once found all his joy and bliss
Against my heart, against my kiss,
Shule, shule, shule, agrâh!

One would be glad to have more of this sort from Miss Macleod; and more, too, of such fine stuff as M. Hervé-Noël le Breton's "Burden of Lost Souls" and Mr. Bliss Carman's "Golden Rowan." The poems named, together with a handful from Mr. George Meredith, a most notable handful, give "Lyra Celtica" a distinction and value it would



MR. WILLIAM SHARP.
Photo by Fred Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

otherwise lack, and make it a book worth the buying—and keeping. The publishers, Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, deserve a high word of commendation for the artistic *format* of "Lyra Celtica"; the type is charming to the eye, the cover-design is chaste and simple, and the title-page a thing to be grappled to the soul of the book-lover with hooks of steel.

W. A. M.

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APRIL 8, 1896

THE SKETCH.

481



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.



"Asked me if I didn't think they were too deep for dace ; strikes me the dace are a lot too deep for them !"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

DARTON'S SUCCESSOR.

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

There were four of us when we first came to Stiles' Row—Darton, Fred, Dick, and myself. Fred and I were old chums. We had been at college together, and, in palmier days, had shared a studio in St. John's Wood. Dick Maynard was a very prince of good fellows, but his career as an artist and a Bohemian was, unfortunately, nipped in the bud by an inconsiderate great-aunt, who died and left him a fortune. The old life had still some fascination for him, however, and when we moved to Stiles' Row, he took the fourth studio there and occasionally came and lectured to us about art. Darton, too, had been with us from the first: but when he left, and his rooms stood empty, it was astonishing how little we missed him.

Our tiny circle seemed only drawn the closer for his defection. Probably, as Fred remarked, it was only propinquity which had made him one of us at all. He had always had a hankering for the brazen pots of Philistinism. Penury had been a source of constant irritation to him. The small privations, which we had learnt to look upon with a sort of philosophic tolerance, galled him. The jest of empty pockets appealed in no way to his sense of humour. His Bohemianism had been only skin-deep. With us it seemed to have passed into our blood, and into the very sinews of our daily life. But that we were still human, however, we had soon to learn.

Fred had brought his work into my room one afternoon, and was standing before his easel gazing at an unfinished picture, with a frown upon his handsome face. There was a knock at the door. Fred looked at me and scowled.

"It's that grocer, Johnny," he remarked savagely. "He said he should come this afternoon. Who told him I was up here, I wonder? Meddlesome idiot! Hold on a minute!"

He passed behind the high screen which partitioned off my room, and threw himself upon the bed.

"Come in!" I called out.

The door was opened, and a girl crossed the threshold. We did not want to see any woman about the place. In this respect we were peculiar but sincere. I went on painting, without a second glance at her.

"We neither of us want a model," I volunteered; "can't afford to pay them. Shut the door, please."

She closed the door, but remained inside.

"Can't you?" she said. "I am sorry. But, you see, I'm not a model."

I turned round, and looked at her. She was tall, and she wore an artist's smock over a plain dark dress. As to her appearance, I have never attempted to describe her, and I never shall. Dick could do it by the hour. I never could. I only know that she was beautiful, and she stood there laughing at me.

"I am your new neighbour," she explained, the corners of her mouth still twitching. "I have taken the rooms below, which a Mr. Darton used to have. Do you understand stoves? I have been trying to make some tea for half an hour, but, *voilà!*—that is all I have succeeded in doing."

She held up a pair of small, black hands, and laughed. I laughed too. It was irresistible.

"Stoves?" I repeated. "I don't know. I'll come and see, if you like."

"If you really wouldn't mind! Good gracious! what is that?"

I followed her startled eyes. In his eagerness to see the new-comer, Fred had mounted on to my bed, and was looking over the screen. I frowned at him severely.

"It's my friend," I explained. "He has the room above here, but he was working with me when you knocked. And, the fact is, we thought you were a dun, so he was in retirement. Come out, Fred!"

Fred appeared, with a very red face, and bowed with such dignity as a man may who is wearing a dirty smock in lieu of a coat, and carpet slippers. But our visitor was very gracious.

"My name is D'Auxelles," she said. "Come, both of you, and see if you can put my stove right, and I will give you some tea. That is, if you are not too busy, of course."

Busy! We scouted the idea, and followed her down to the next floor. Darton's room was witnessing a metamorphosis indeed. We found the floor strewn with a motley collection of feminine belongings, including an easel, and all the paraphernalia of an artist. In the centre was a black-iron tubular concern, emitting spasmodic puffs of smoke from the top.

"It is a patent arrangement," she remarked, looking at it thoughtfully. "The man from whom I bought it declared that it would cook anything, from an egg to a haunch of mutton. It only wants managing. Here is a book of instructions. I have tried to understand them, but I am so stupid!"

She handed us a little pamphlet. It was all very simple. We went for it boldly.

"I will cut some bread-and-butter and open the jam, while you boil the kettle," she proposed. "Perhaps you will be able to make some toast when you have found out how the thing works."

"We will try," I answered dubiously. "The first thing to do is to

thoroughly master the principle of the thing. Read those instructions again, Fred."

We approached our task with a certain amount of cheerfulness. As time went on, our faces fell, our complacency deserted us. Fred, with a great smut on his left cheek, had commenced to swear to himself softly, but with terrible earnestness. I was struggling with an insane desire to seek out the maker of the thing and kick him. She came over and stood by our side.

"I am afraid that you are not getting on very well," she remarked. She seemed disappointed.

I rose to my feet. "The fact is, we are not getting on at all," I confessed. "There is a big fire in my room. Let us take the things in there and boil the kettle."

"Delightful!" she exclaimed. "Here, hold out your hands!"

She loaded us with plates of bread-and-butter, and scones, and jam. Fred loitered behind to help her with the kettle. He muttered something about the handle being hot. At the door our eyes met, and he positively blushed. They were both carrying the kettle.

Such an afternoon-tea my studio had never witnessed before. Certainly it will never witness anything of the sort again. She sat in my easy-chair, and we both waited upon her—with more than average clumsiness. But she enjoyed it. She told us a little about herself—not much. She was an orphan, and she had been living with some relatives in London who bored her. They were apparently addicted to the vice of fashionable life. Helen—she told us that we were to call her Helen—had only one desire: it was to become an artist. She did not tell us so point-blank, but we gathered that she had run away. That there was anything unusual in her having rooms in Stiles' Row, Chelsea, she did not seem to appreciate in the least. She was sublimely unconscious—sublimely ignorant. She looked out upon life with a *naïve* and eager curiosity. Bohemia was her Promised Land. To be a denizen in it seemed to be the limit of her desires. Her sex did not seem in the least to embarrass her. She talked to us as an equal and a comrade. We were artists. In less than half an hour we had forgotten our shabbiness and the poverty of our surroundings. We were all the best of friends. It was very surprising.

After tea, she took out a dainty little cigarette-case, and smoked, while we showed her our work, or such part of it as we thought worthy of her inspection. Fred accepted a cigarette, and smoked it in lieu of his pipe. He told me afterwards that it was the best Egyptian cigarette he had ever tasted.

When she left us, she held out her hand with a little impulsive gesture.

"Good-bye!" she said, looking straight into my eyes. "I am so glad to have you two for neighbours, and I am sure that we shall be good friends. It is so good of you not to mind having a girl as a fellow-worker!"

In turn we bowed over her hand. Fred mumbled a little speech, but I said nothing. Then we went back to my fire, and smoked, and looked at one another stealthily through the twilight. Perhaps the same thought was there with both of us. Through the curling smoke from my pipe, as it spread around in faint, dim wreaths, I seemed to see something in the future which might come between us two, a little crack in the wall of our treasured friendship—just a scratch, but a scratch which might easily become a chasm. And then Fred—a fellow of great heart was Fred—laid his hand upon that crack, and sealed it up for ever. Through the shadows, I could see his soft eyes—he had woman's eyes—turned full upon me, and his hand thrust forward.

"Friends!"

I leaned forward, and clasped his hand.

"Always!"

A woman brings change as the spring brings flowers, but with us the change was not what we had dreaded. These were the haleyon days of our Bohemianism. We had a new comrade, gay, fascinating, sympathetic. Dick, too, came under the charm, Dick the hardened young misogynist, who railed at women as at the plagues of Egypt. But Dick had mixed with women freely, and her society was never to him what it was to Fred and myself. Our evenings no longer hung fire. We had little dinners at Mariette's—more than we could afford—and we generally wound up the evening at a music-hall, or one of the Exhibitions. Fred, somewhat shyly, had brought out a dress-coat and unearthed a tall hat. I, with a sigh, furbished up my old clothes, for I was very poor in those days. Not that Helen ever cost us a penny. She paid her share of everything from the start, and she would have been grievously offended if we had treated her in any way otherwise than as one of ourselves. We even told her of our custom—the sale of a picture meant a dinner at Mariette's, if the price allowed it—and she clapped her hands with delight. But from that time she always seemed to be selling a picture—dainty little things they were, too! We seldom saw a purchaser, but her gay little summons became a very familiar thing. And we went without hesitation. Helen had a way of making us do what she wanted. Our constant study was to keep her amused and interested, for there was just one disturbing element in the happiness of our days. Helen would get tired of her life in a shabby suburban street, with only us three men for her companions. She would get tired

of it and go away. So we humoured her like a child, watching her face to see if she were amused when we took her out, drinking sweet Moselle for dinner without a single wry face, holding frequent consultations, and studying her in every way that occurred to us. And, on the whole, we succeeded. As to her painting, we had no difficulty in keeping her interested in it. We taught her a little, and she was always eager to learn. She had talent, and her work, if it was not of a very high order, had a charm and originality of her own. She was a flower-painter. Often Fred and I found our way to Covent Garden in the fresh spring twilight before the dawn, in search of roses for her, and saw the sunrise as we strode homeward together through the dim, silent streets. And on those occasions we said very little. But we each knew the other's mind.

There came a morning when Helen waltzed lightly into my room, waving her hands above her head, and, with a fine flourish, came to a standstill before me.

"Who will come with me into the Land of Goshen?" she cried breathlessly. "I want to go to my dressmaker, and to see the rhododendrons in the Park. Who will come?"

She looked at me, but I kept my eyes upon my work. Alas! I had no garments for the West.

"We have only one tall hat between us," I said sorrowfully, "and it will not fit me. Fred must be your escort."

Fred was already tearing off his smock, and handling the clothes-brush. She turned away slowly.

"I shall be ready in ten minutes," she said, without looking at me any more. "Don't dare to keep me waiting!"

I laid down my brush and watched them cross the street. Fred, tall and aristocratic, wearing his shabby clothes with the air of a prince, and Helen—what a metamorphosis! She had become a woman of fashion. She was wearing the garments of a world which had no kin with ours, wearing them gracefully and naturally. I watched them until they were out of sight, and an odd thing happened to me. I, a hardened outcast from the world, a wanderer in its by-ways, a would-be cynic, became suddenly the slave of an emotional crisis. A mist swam before my eyes, a lump crept into my throat. My brush slipped from my nerveless fingers, I was leaning against my easel, and my head was resting in my clasped hands. This, then, was what I had made of life! My best years were stealing away. Middle-age stared me in the face. What had I made of myself—what was I? A vagabond, a strolling artist, a loiterer along the broad avenue at whose end was the Temple of Fame, with my hands in my pockets, while others girded up their loins, and passed me, now one by one, now in a stream. The ignominy of content stung me to the quick. The sunshine seemed slipping from my life. And I knew whence had come this phase of sudden realisation. I turned upon myself with a new fury. Fool! A nameless artist, without money or repute, a parasite hanging on to a little back-corner of the world. What folly! what folly!

When they returned, I knew at once that something had gone wrong. Helen went straight to her room, and Fred came hurrying in to me, with a white, troubled face. He threw off his hat and coat, and commenced filling his pipe with trembling fingers. "What is it?" I asked softly. He answered me with an oath.

"We have seen some of her people. They were in the Park. We got into a hansom, but they gave chase. One of them has spotted us down. They will find her out. They will make her go back!"

We looked at one another, aghast.

"Go to the window," he directed. I went.

"Is there a fellow in a long coat, watching the house?"

A man in a frock-coat stood opposite, smoking a cigarette, and looking up. I pointed him out to Fred.

"I should like to wring his neck!" muttered Fred, looking over my shoulder. "It was he who saw us. That is his carriage at the corner. He is waiting for the others."

A brougham drawn by a pair of dark horses turned into the narrow street. The man who was waiting handed out a lady, and together they entered the house. Helen came running into our room.

"They have found me out!" she cried sadly. "I shall have to go away!"

I pointed below. "They have come for you already," I said.

She was very pale, and her eyes were wonderfully soft.

"This has been a mad freak of mine," she said, "but I shall never regret it—never! It will be a little corner of my life which I shall cherish. You two, and Mr. Dick, have been so good to me. You have been like brothers. You will come and see me—afterwards, won't you?"

We promised sadly, and without enthusiasm. She shook hands with us and hurried away.

We heard her greet the new-comers on the landing. They all went together into her room. Fred and I looked into each other's eyes. Then he rushed away, and I heard the door of his room slam. I was alone!

I sank into my chair, and I closed my eyes. After all, it was for the best. The thing could not have gone on. And yet—

And then my little chain of reasoning snapped and fell to the ground. I saw only her face. I gave way to the strong, sweet delight of memory. I fashioned my own picture, and the breath of life seemed to be in it. Everything was so real—her soft, bright voice, the silken rustling of her skirts, the dainty trifles of her toilette—all those soft, indefinable suggestions of femininity which had been like a revelation to me. Then—surely I was dreaming, or had my picture taken life?—there was a light step in the room, the faint swish of a trailing skirt, the sweet odour of

violets. I kept my eyes half closed. I would not look up or move my head. It was too sweet! I dared not risk losing it. Nearer and nearer it came. A woman's soft breath fell upon my cheek. Something touched my lips—something warm and delicate and trembling. Again the swish of a skirt, the opening and closing of a door.

Silence!

I opened my eyes. Of course, it was a dream, but on my knee was a little cluster of violets.

In the morning I had a visitor. Fred was away. I turned to meet him, his card in my hand, with clenched teeth and white face. He stood and bowed, a white-haired, courteous old gentleman. My resentment faded away.

"You will pardon the liberty—Mr. Montavon, I believe?"

I bowed, and pointed to my chair. He looked at it through his eye-glass, and declined it politely.

"I have only a moment," he said. "I am here at the request of the guardians of—of—"

"Of Miss D'Auxelles," I said.

He raised his eyebrows, and bowed.

"Exactly. Of Miss D'Auxelles. I applaud your discretion, sir; it makes my task easier. Her guardians wish me to convey their thanks—their sincere thanks—to you, for the kindness and consideration which you showed their ward in her late most extraordinary escapade. They feel that your behaviour, and the behaviour of your friends, whom I regret not to have met, was most exceptional. I offer you their most heartfelt gratitude, and, from the young lady—this."

I took the little parcel, and bowed.

"There was nothing at all exceptional in our treatment of the young lady," I said drily, "nor can I see that there was anything very extraordinary in what you term 'her escapade.' We are not in the middle ages!"

He took up his hat, looking at me fixedly, and smiled.

"You will doubtless understand better when you have examined the little offering from the young lady," he remarked. "Good morning, sir."

He left me with another bow. I tore open the covering of the parcel, and slowly opened a jeweller's case. A magnificent opal pin, set with diamonds, flashed up at me from a bed of purple velvet. I scarcely noticed it, for I was unfolding with trembling fingers a little scrap of paper, on which was a single line of writing—

"From your comrade and sister, Helen, Princess D'Auxelles."

Then I understood!

SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

III.—SOUTH BROMLEY.

A-loiterin', a-loiterin',

All day from street to street,

With an achin' in your stummick

And with blisters on your feet,

And a sickenin' sense of 'unger—

'Oo would be a costermonger

When you've 'ad to sell your barrer

And you've got no food to eat?

A-loiterin', a-loiterin',

With coppers on your track,

A-waitin' to arrest yer

If yer only once looks back

Jest to see what they are doin'—

Oh, there ain't much bill' and cooin'

When you've quarrelled with your missus

And she's given you the sack.

A-loiterin', a-loiterin',

Without an earthly hope;

If you 'aven't got no money

You might be the bloomin' Pope,

But the barmen in the 'ouses

Would look scornful at your trousis,

And they ain't a-givin' credit

To a gent wot don't use soap.

A-loiterin', a-loiterin',

Arahnd the sossidge shops,

Flattenin' nose against the winder

Like a kid for lollipops;

When you're faint for food, 'arf dyin',

And you see them onions fryin',

Gawd, you'd like to break the glass in,

Jest to aggrivate the cops.

A-loiterin', a-loiterin',

Until the day comes round

When, a-huddled in an archway,

One more worn-out bloke is found;

Then the papers—"Great sensation!"

Death from 'splosure and starvation!"

Jim Coles 'uddled in an archway,

Liyin' stiff upon the ground.—GILBERT BURGESS.

A BOOK OF THE BOWERY.*

Once more the author of "Chimmie Fadden" takes us to a region he knows and understands—the Bowery; but this time he is particularly concerned not so much with a "Bowery Boy" as with a Bowery Girl, around whom he has constructed a romance somewhat of the "old school." That is to say, Mr. Townsend does not deem it necessary to propound "problems" in order to bind and unbind the knot of his story; he does not juggle with that impossible Seventh Commandment, nor does he feel compelled by art and truth to separate his hero and heroine by a more or less perfect renunciation. He is conventional enough to believe in the right man and the right woman, and, so believing, he unites them, to the old music of wedding-bells.

But, before these bells can sound, even in an old-fashioned tale, there must be some conflict of interests, some filling of the cup

of villainy, some worthy dealing on the part of goodness; above all, in a work that verges on the melodramatic, rich and poor must meet together, until, at length, virtue is rewarded and vice punished.

Mr. Townsend has omitted no part of this machinery from his history of Carminella, who, as a dancing-girl, is naturally exposed to the machinations of gilded vice. But Carminella, daughter of Teresa, whose own stage-career is so sadly wrecked in the opening chapter, is fortified against misfortune, not only by the possession of a "sweet, pure-souled, beautiful" nature, but by a phalanx of excellent friends. How these girt her about for good, to the discomfiture of her attempted abductor, the would-be sportsman, Mark Waters, must be read in the book itself, for Mr. Townsend has a story to tell, and may rightly claim that privilege.

Refreshing, however, as the book is, one is bound to confess that Mr. Townsend's matter is preferable to his manner. Nor is the reason far to seek. Both are so characteristically American. Mr. Townsend, to quote his best character, Dan Lyon, "speaks American," not exclusively in dialect passages. He speaks it, too, at the expense of the narrative, directly to his reader, who often finds it difficult to pardon the obtrusive little homily, despite its deliberate jocosity and obvious—sometimes too obvious—wisdom.

But, although the work, as an artistic whole, may lack somewhat, it contains much that is ingenious and a good deal that is charming. Dan Lyon, the "aristocrat" of the tenements, stands clear of a rather shadowy throng of characters as the best bit of drawing in the book. Next to him, perhaps, in power comes George Peyton, the lucky gold-digger. Philip Peyton, his brother, the Varsity man turned journalist, "brilliant only as a failure," is a "real" good chap, but atrociously long-winded, and elaborately humorous. These defects, however, may be in character.

In his pictures of the Italians of the Bowery, and of New York slum-life, with its horrors of sweating, opium, and crime, Mr. Townsend finds opportunity for realistic description that has a manifest purpose. There may be a purpose, too, in his interesting side-lights on politics, and nowhere is one more inclined to forgive him for lecturing than where he shows how Dan Lyon controlled the Italian vote, and how, in turn, the Italian vote affected the whole state. That one sane man should control, even by indirect bribery, the vote of a dangerous community, is not, Mr. Townsend hints, altogether an evil. Dan's only fault, in the author's opinion, is that he was a Conservative. And yet the author sympathises and approves when Dan's Conservative integrity converts him, the ex-janitor of the Niantic Building, into a landed gentleman. But then, of course, the whole book is an amusing betrayal of the American worship of aristocracy, for it rewards Bowery worth with the entrée to the "oldest, swellest set in New York."

Of the hero, Tom Lyon, that pushing young artist, and his lady Carminella, there is little to be said. They are talked about more than they talk, and in the end one knows them only, as it were, from hearsay. Their true love runs wonderfully smooth—too smooth, indeed, for the central figures of a drama. Others toil and suffer for them, while they go on developing themselves and their art. Even a false accusation, though it wounds Tom's pride, is no obstacle to his success, and costs him nothing in reputation. But, despite this lack of colour in his chief actors, Mr. Townsend has written an interesting story.

* "A Daughter of the Tenements." By Edward W. Townsend. London, Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.



MR. EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.
Photo by Pach, New York.

THE GORILLA AT THE "ZOO."

Jemima, the gorilla at the "Zoo," bids fair to outrival in popularity her great predecessor, Sally. Indeed, Sally was only a common chimpanzee—a mathematician, it is true, counting out to the late Romanes her tale of straws, but extremely vain and carrying her fame giddily; whereas Jemima is a gorilla, the second of her kind to take up a habitation at the "Zoo," carrying the fame which has been thrust upon her meekly, sitting reticently at the back of her wide cage, and treating visitors indifferently by a stolid look of contempt from her great negroid eyes. She has none of the pertness or finesse of the chimpanzee, her stolid curiosity being aroused only by some tempting edible thing. The sight of a banana brought her to the bars of the cage for her photograph.

We had the pleasure of paying her an early visit on her first Sunday morning at the "Zoo." She was in a humour for breakfast rather than visitors, but was in wonderful condition to have finished such a long journey on the previous day. One would have expected some signs of gratitude from her, seeing that only the few initial yards—from the jungle to a banana plantation—had been done at her own expense. She had received free carriage from the *hinterlands* of the French Congo to the factories by the river, a first-class passage to the London Docks under the special care of the captain, her cab-fare paid to Regent's Park, and now, board and lodging in a humid, tropical atmosphere free and for nothing. And yet she did not seem grateful in the least. She had now, moreover, her three cousins—the orang and gibbon from the East, the chimpanzee from her own country—as companions, making up a complete series of the great anthropoid apes, a living series never seen together under one roof before, and it will be many a day before such a collection will be seen again, for, unfortunately, the orang has since died.

Jemima could hardly be called a beauty. She would take a rather large size in gloves—No. 8's, at any rate—and even then she would find her fingers too fat and her thumb too short. If she is to be lionised and taken out, one would advise that her nails be looked to or her gloves kept on. In the matter of boots, however, she would be more respectable. Small 4's would answer, only she would find her thumb-like great toe awkwardly in the way. Her glossy black face could carry a perfect sail of the fashionable purple trimmings on a hat with a brim wide enough to relieve her wide, rough, angular face. But, for the present, her coat of black hair, with a dash of russet through it, will probably suffice her, and even behind the bars of her cage she will, in the matter of dress, feel more at ease than most of her fair visitors.

The gorilla is a most unsociable animal, and pays very little heed to her companions in the adjoining cages. "Jemima" receives the advances of the chimpanzee very indifferently, or at times answers her cousin's



JEMIMA.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

attentions in true gorilla fashion by rising sharply on her feet, giving a few rapid slaps on the chest, and then as suddenly subsiding again. This ambiguous manifestation may mean friendliness or the opposite, and, seeing that in this case both are of the softer sex, it probably does not mean the opposite. In their native haunts the gorilla and chimpanzee at best can merely tolerate each other.

THE PISCATORIAL SOCIETY.

The sluggard of King Solomon was so lazy that he "roasted not that which he took in hunting." A true angler (albeit he is the reverse of lazy—he precedes the sun and the lark ere dawn, if he thinks the fish will be rising before the world is awake) seldom or never roasts, grills, or boils that which he took in angling, for the simple reason that he fishes purely for sport, and presents his friends with the spoils of his rod. However, the true angler sometimes dines (on fish, joint, entrées, removes, roast, sweets, &c., with hocks, champagnes, and so forth, inserted between the dishes); and thus it happened when that fraternity of good fishermen and true, the Piscatorial Society, recently assembled to its sixtieth annual banquet in the beautiful Venetian Salon of the Holborn Restaurant, Mr. Horace Brown presiding, and Mr. F. Ward occupying the vice-chair.

The Piscatorial Society, with its fine history and its large list of distinguished members, is by no means composed of men who see

nothing in fishing but the capture of fish. What is a true angler? He is no more a man who simply wishes to fill his bag than the true author wishes simply to cover a ream of foolscap. A true angler is pre-eminently a worshipper of Nature. He adores the fish as one of Nature's loveliest and most wonderful creations. If it be true that there is only one art, it is equally true that there is only one sport. That is to say, there is only one instinct of sport; and the fisher, if he be a fisher, is as much fascinated by that miracle of beauty in the markings, the featherings, of the pheasant, which his brother shoots, as in the salmon, flashing a mystery of silver as it leaps from the rippled surface, and displaying its gorgeous prismatic colours when the pigment-cells of its scales can be leisurely viewed at close quarters. It would be most accurate to say that the catching of fish is not the business of an angler of the *nascitur non fit* order, but an accident in his experience. He will come home either laden with big fish (he throws back into the water everything which is not big enough to be "set-up" and to grace a piscatorial museum) or empty-handed. In both cases he is equally satisfied. He has communed with Nature; he has heard the hum of the bee, the buzz of the insect, felt the delicate, exhilarating fanning of the breeze, seen the growing tints of dawn, or the glimmering fade of that ever-changing harmony of celestial colours flung on the horizon by the couching sun. That is enough. He is content.

Instance the Piscatorial Society. The series of lectures which have been read by its members during years past show that the true piscator is anything but a mere piscator—he is an artist who feels, he is an author who conceives, he is a philosopher who perceives. He has landed a fish, we will suppose. He does not bring out his foot-rule or his tape-measure and take its length or its girth. He says to himself (if he be artistic), "This rainbow-colouring is gorgeous"; if he be philosophical, "I will pitch you back into the water, for this infinite lesson you have taught me—that the baits which are flung to us in this artificial life are as gaudy and as unreal as the artificial fly which your eye deceived you into taking." I need not multiply such examples. Let this be noted,



MR. W. T. GALLOWAY
(THE HONORARY SECRETARY).

however, that, with all your art, all your literature, all your philosophy, all your intellectuality, you are healthy neither in body nor mind unless some diversion, some relaxation, some one of Nature's variety entertainments (held under no roof but that of the cerulean blue, with no ventilation but that of the four winds of heaven) repairs that waste of brain-tissue which the mind-worker—poet, painter, author, thinker, or what you will—is suffering each moment that his thoughts are concentrated, as through a burning-glass, upon his subject.

The sixtieth annual dinner of the Society was of such peculiar and varied interest that it would be absurd for me to attempt to describe it within the limits of Procrustes. As to the illustrations herewith, they explain themselves. The portrait of the hon. secretary, Mr. W. T. Galloway, will be viewed with pleasure by the whole of the angling world, for Mr. Galloway is not only an expert rodsman, but one of the best-loved good fellows who ever immersed a hook or pitched a fly. Concerning the ladies present, I confess that I envied Mr. Reginald Booker his task of proposing the ladies. He contended (and he was correct) that every Waltonian was a gallant—meant for it—that old Izaak himself was terribly permeable to the fascinations of the gentler specimens of humanity—though he instantly rescued the father of angling from any misunderstanding as to his precision of character by saying that he threw his amorous fly only upon the surface. And did not Mr. E. Foreman



HEADQUARTERS, THE SWAN INN.

assure the ladies that if they wished to keep their husbands out of danger they should compel them to belong to an angling society, at whose weekly reunions there was absolutely nothing to lead the weakest of mortals astray? And were not the *Field* (Mr. W. Senior), the *Fishing Gazette* (Mr. R. B. Marston), the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Morning Post*, the *Chronicle*, and a host of other famous sheets all represented?

FREDERICK LEAL.

With reference to the recent appearance in New York of Mr. Paul Martinetti and his pantomime company, it has been stated that this celebrated pantomimist, throughout his thirty years of stage work, has never spoken a single word before an audience—a very interesting statement, which one would like to have verified. Of course, although acrobatic exploits and pure pantomime have been the staple of such troupes as the Hanlon-Lees, the Leopolds, and the Renads, they have not tabooed "winged words" so rigorously as Paul Martinetti is said to have done.



THE FISHING-HUT.



ON THE BANKS OF THE PISCATORIAL SOCIETY'S KENNET FISHERY.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 7.42; to-morrow, 7.44; April 10, 7.45; April 11, 7.47; April 12, 7.49; April 13, 7.50; April 14, 7.52. When to extinguish:—To-day, 4.20; to-morrow, 4.18; April 10, 4.16; April 11, 4.14; April 12, 4.12; April 13, 4.9; April 14, 4.7.

Miss Scott, whose portrait is reproduced here, is a well-known lady cyclist on the Ripley, Brighton, and Bath Roads. She is considered a very fast and graceful rider, and has been cycling for about two years and a half. The year before last she made a fortnight's tour round the South Coast, and last season "biked" to Paris and back, *via* Dieppe, Rouen, &c. She was a few weeks ago engaged by Olympia, Limited, to race in the international matches there. This was her first essay at professionalism, and her earliest experience of a banked track. On the fourth day, by winning her heat and final in the Mile Handicap, she proved that an English lady rider can successfully compete with the champions of France and Belgium.

A correspondent, writing from Dublin, mentions that in the Phoenix Park it is no uncommon sight to see three, and sometimes

four, or even five, bicyclists riding in a row with their hands joined. Many of the riders who indulge in this sort of amateur trick-riding are ladies, and the sight, he adds, produces a very charming effect.

The bicycle, he also tells me, is gradually gaining popularity among polo-players in Ireland. The "Blues," it may be remembered, were the first to set the fashion last season of cycling down to Hurlingham when they were going to play polo. Their example was quickly followed by many of our leading polo-players, and during the forthcoming season the fashion will most likely remain in vogue.

Hunting-men have also at length condescended to look with favour upon the wheel, and in some of the most fashionable hunting countries several men have taken to hacking to distant meets on bicycles instead of on covert-haacks. Whether these ultra-up-to-date sportsmen pedalled in boots and spurs I cannot say. Nothing is grotesque when it becomes fashionable, and, as a lady remarked last week, "Everything unfashionable is wicked."

It is now generally admitted that a man accustomed to fox-hunting will learn to ride a bicycle far more readily than the individual who has never in his life ridden a horse. In the first place, hunting gives a man self-confidence, determination, courage, and a cool head—four qualifications absolutely essential for any person anxious to develop into a finished cyclist. Possibly a man able to ride well over a country also finds it easier to balance himself upon a bicycle than does the mere pedestrian; but that is a point more difficult to decide. Secondly, the hunting-man knows intuitively when and where to slip out of a crowd of horsemen, and exactly the amount of space needed in order to do so—a point equally of importance to the individual cycling among traffic. Lastly, the hunting-man usually possesses, to a certain extent, the peculiar gift called "good hands," and when learning to ride a bicycle he therefore feels less inclined to clutch the handles than will the man accustomed only to walking-exercise, who, if mounted upon a horse, would instinctively stoop forward and strive to retain his seat by violently tugging the reins.

Electric lamps for cycles have been invented. The only sort that I have seen is a clumsy, heavy affair, that will need to be greatly improved before it is generally adopted.

Why shouldn't we be allowed to cycle in the Park at any hour of the day? What harm should we do if we were allowed into the Park even at the afternoon-tea hour, when, in the Season, the Princess appears to the company in Rotten Row? I put the question with some feeling. The Chief of the Police has not said that the streets are shut against us after noon. Why should the Ranger close the parks to us at that hour? We do not often run into omnibuses in Piccadilly or in the Strand, and omnibuses are more abundant there all day than carriages are in Rotten Row at any hour. I have a fellow-feeling with Conservatives myself; but I could wish that the Duke were not quite so sound a Tory. A

bicyclist is no longer a "cad on castors"; he is the vogue now, and so is she; and neither he nor she is a danger to the lieges. He or she is a danger only to himself or to herself; and, that being so, the Ranger might reasonably order Hyde Park to be all day at our disposal.

Perhaps, also, he might give us use and entry into St. James's. The roads are triple there; two of them know no carriages save when some royal pageant is afoot, and at other times the sparrows are the only occupants. The Duke should think of this. If his heart is still hardened against one's desire to be free to ride in Hyde Park when one listeth, his head should be susceptible to our desire for a passage in St. James's at any time. South of the Mall there are no equipages to run down, and would it not be nice to bring St. James's into fashion once again? St. James's, not Hyde Park, you will remember, was, according to Congreve, the scene of our great-great-grandparents' love-making.

Owing to a mistake made by a railway official, a young lady arrived at a country house last week with two perambulators. It came out that her own gear had gone astray, and that her two bicycles had been sent to a lady with a large family! The fact that bicycles travel with perambulator-tickets no doubt gave rise to the awkward blunder.

Often and often, since wheels became the vogue, I have thought of how nice it would be if there were some device by which the pedals could be thrown out of gear in going downhill. One would then have only to rest one's feet where they were and spin on. Well, this service has actually been accomplished. I beheld it in Battersea Park on Tuesday morning. Not that there is any hill there (excepting a gentle incline as you enter from the public road), but the man whose bicycle had the device showed it off pretty well. He put on speed here and there, and then sailed along with his limbs at rest. His seemed a very nice bicycle, but it was still open to improvement. Not even a man looks his best with one leg straight down and the other held aloft.

The little boy whose portrait we give below is an example of the ease with which children learn to ride the bicycle. In two days from the time he took his first lesson he was able to ride without assistance, and may now be seen with his parents in Richmond Park, or threading his way amid the traffic on the Guildford or Uxbridge Roads, on almost any fine Sunday afternoon.

The most troublesome thing with children of this age is to get a suitable "mount" for them. The twenty-inch wheel "Midgets" are too small for real road-work, while the ordinary youths' bicycle is often too big. For a child to do good riding it is even more important



MASTER COLIN STIRLING, AGED SEVEN YEARS.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

than in the case of a man that the machine should be both light and easy-running, so as to put the least possible strain on the child's strength, and this is exactly where the children's machines sold at low prices usually fail. Master Stirling, who was seven years old last November, has had a high-grade road-racer built for him at the Herne Hill Cycle Works, with 24-inch wheels and geared to 59½, which has proved a great success, and enables the child to ride from fifteen to twenty miles at a reasonable pace without trouble. The total weight of the bicycle and its rider is just sixty-nine pounds.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

The recent remarkable case of medical libel has served to raise, in a concrete form, the obligation of secrecy understood to weigh on a doctor. And another somewhat similar case concerns a barrister, who is said to have obtained, while acting for the defendants in one case, information which he promptly used for the plaintiff in a case arising out of the same matter. It is time that the professional honour of the two professions in whose hands our life, reputation, and estate have occasionally to be placed, should be a little more rigidly defined. It is somewhat startling when a leading physician thinks himself at liberty to mention inferences concerning his patient, resulting in the loss of her income and reputation so far as concerns her family; and it is still more startling when a jury promptly mullets him in a very large sum for having done what he obviously thought to be professionally justifiable.

The other instance referred to, if substantiated, will probably be too much for the rather too robust digestion of the legal profession; but it remains in both legal and medical worlds to take stock of the code of professional honour, and so to define and explain it that it shall be impossible for a lawyer or doctor to do with the toleration of his order acts which expose him to the moral disapprobation of society at large, or to the verdict of a jury. In fact, should there not be some oath or engagement covering such questions as divulging the affairs of a patient or a client to persons not possessing any necessary claim to information? We know that the Roman Catholic priesthood takes that oath of secrecy regarding the secret of the confessional; and very few are the cases in which that oath has been broken, though possibly confessors in past centuries have not been wholly proof against the subtler temptation to use the information heard in the confessional in the interest of the Church.

But can we exact a similar undertaking of our lawyers and doctors? In the first place, the religious sanction is wanting. Without subscribing to the truth of the maxim, *tres medici duo athei*, we may confess that doctors are little given to orthodoxy. Nor are lawyers, as a class, pious overmuch. Further, their professions are more loosely organised than any religious order, and, as a final stumbling-block, the members are very generally married. Shall we preach celibacy of the doctors? One may feel sure that the reason why auricular confession is still a sickly exotic among High Churchmen lies in the fact that women—who in all countries are the chief *clientèle* of the confessor—feel that in confessing to their “priest” they may be confessing to his present or future wife. There is no oath to restrain him, except his own personal engagement to himself. He is, most probably, a gentleman who would never betray a confidence; but you can't be sure of him, as you might be of the veriest ead of a Roman priest. There is no great obligation on him.

The only remedy for doubtful cases is to be somewhat more rigid in the definition of professional honour, and also for clients and patients to determine beforehand whether to exact a promise of secrecy or not. Or, perhaps, the doctor or lawyer should inquire, before he undertook the case, whether he is to be free to speak of it to persons not necessarily involved in it, or whether absolute secrecy is to be exacted as regards the whole or a part of the affairs that he may have to investigate. Should he have suspicions as to what this may involve, he ought to withdraw from the case. But the general rule is obvious. A doctor, for instance, is called in to restore the health of a patient. In order to enable him to do this, *and for no other purpose*, the patient informs him, or allows him to inform himself, of the most intimate details of his or her life.

So with a lawyer. Some lawyers would refuse to defend a person whom they knew to be guilty; some would decline to take up a rather dirty case. But, if a man, intending to defend a criminal or conduct a case, receives a confession of guilt or an acknowledgment of flimsy evidence at the start, he may withdraw, but surely not make any use of the information to the detriment of his client. In the recent libel case, a lady gives a doctor information, or allows him to obtain it, in order that he may be able to relieve her. He uses what he detects, or thinks he detects, so as to wreck her reputation. If the physician, in the exercise of his professional duty, had blundered, and lost the lady's life, he would not have been liable except in case of gross negligence; he was employed to do one thing, and one only, and he went and did another. Such an act, in the peculiar circumstances, was excusable; but it is, none the less, an obvious fault.

What we want, therefore, is to make the sense of professional honour more comprehensive and more binding. A priest, if asked concerning a fact told him in confession, will plead his oath; even if he be a married Greek Church Pope, he will not tell his wife. We want an engagement on the part of our lawyers and doctors that all information given to them by clients or patients whose publication might damage anyone shall be considered as confidential, and not to be divulged in any circumstances without the leave of the person giving that information; and any breach of such a rule, unless justified by considerations of very great weight, should be considered as a breach of professional honour, and involving public discredit. Perhaps our lawyers and doctors will not then have so many good stories to tell of the weaknesses of human nature, but we shall be able to confide in them with complete security. At present there is a sort of debatable frontier between professional and unprofessional—and that way danger lies.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

It is disappointing to find that Miss Beatrice Harraden's new story, “Hilda Strafford,” which is commenced in the April number of *Blackwood*, is only a short tale, and will be concluded in the next number. Her long novel, Miss Harraden informs us, is going on, and she may complete it before she returns to this country in June, though she hardly hopes for so much. Its shortness is the only disappointment about “Hilda Strafford,” which is a charming little story. Miss Harraden has been much impressed by the home-sickness of those who have gone out to Californian ranches. They long for the smell of the London streets; they wonder they can have ever spent an unhappy day in the City. If the men, who are occupied, feel this, the women naturally feel it even more. The absence of society preys upon their minds. Besides, it is, as a rule, impossible in California to calculate on anything like a steady income. All that a man has accumulated during years of labour and self-sacrifice may be swept away in a storm. Out of materials like these Miss Harraden has constructed, with her usual delicate skill, a really vivid and fresh tale.

The new number of the “Dictionary of National Biography” takes us to “Puckering.” It is tolerably evident that the Dictionary will extend beyond the fifty volumes originally projected, and may go as far as sixty volumes, but this its readers will not complain of. Good from the very beginning, it has steadily grown in everything that makes such a book valuable. Under the new editorship, it is almost impossible to discover an error or find out any fault. If Mr. Leslie Stephen had a weak point, it was his comparative indifference to bibliography. In this Mr. Sidney Lee is strong, and many of the articles are now models in this respect. The most important biography in the present volume is that of Pope, by Mr. Stephen himself. Mr. Stephen mentions that “a Mr. Lang was one of those who helped Pope in his translation of the *Odyssey*.” One of the most curious problems of literature is that Pope's nameless assistants in his translation caught his style so well that the difference of authorship has never been detected from the internal evidence. One of these assistants, Broome, in a note at the conclusion, says that Pope's revision of the work had brought the whole up to his own level. Mr. Elwin, after examining the manuscripts, says that this is an outrageous exaggeration.

Another very fine piece of work is the article on Porson by Professor Jebb. It is written with much warmth of feeling, and concludes as follows—

He brought extraordinary gifts and absolute vitality to his chosen province, leaving work most important in its positive and permanent result, but remarkable above all for its quality—the quality given to it by his individual genius, by that powerful and penetrating mind, at once brilliant and patient, serious and sportive by turns, but in every mood devoted with a scrupulous loyalty to the search for truth.

The notices of the two once famous Miss Porters are well done. I am afraid that few people will be anxious to trace the several unpublished works by both the authors, which were sold in 1852, and cannot now be found. Jane Porter received from her publisher £210 for her best-known book, “The Scottish Chiefs.” The Kerr-Porter correspondence, sold in 1852, contained materials for a biography, and was purchased by Sir Thomas Phillipps, of Middle Hill. What has become of it? It is interesting to find that the famous Dr. Priestley was born at Fieldhead, a wayside farmhouse in the parish of Birstall, West Riding of Yorkshire, on March 13, 1733. Fieldhead and Birstall, as all Brontë students know, are names inseparably associated with “Shirley.”

I wonder no enterprising publisher thinks of reissuing the Memoirs of George Psalmanazar, the literary impostor. Mr. Sidney Lee gives a good notice of him in his new volume. Psalmanazar's real name was never known, but he was a native of the South of France. He came to this country declaring himself a native of Formosa, and a convert to Christianity. His amazing assurance gained for him great success, and on all occasions he paraded his Formosan language, which was sufficiently original, copious, and regular to impose on men of very extensive learning. He was sent by a Bishop to Oxford, the Bishop hoping that he would there teach the Formosan language to a set of gentlemen who were afterwards to go with him to convert these people to Christianity. He fascinated large assemblies of ladies and gentlemen at the University by detailed accounts of the human sacrifices which formed part, he said, of the Formosan religious ritual. But, though he thought it no sin, he told his hearers, to eat human flesh, he owned that it was a little unmannerly. By degrees, however, faith in him was shaken; and, after reading some religious books, he renounced his past life of errors. Thenceforward he gained a laborious living as a hack-writer, and the sanctity of his demeanour was held to be convincing proof of the thoroughness of his repentance. His sole indulgence was opium. At one time he took ten or twelve spoonfuls every night, and very often more; but he succeeded in reducing the dose to “ten or twelve drops and a pint of punch, which he drank with the utmost regularity at the end of each day's work.” Late in life, he lived in Ironmonger Row, Old Street, Clerkenwell, and bore an irreproachable name. His fame, his sanctity, reached the ears of Dr. Johnson, who sought after him, and used to go and stay with him at an old house in Old Street. So far as I can find, Psalmanazar's “Memoirs” have never been reprinted since as long back as 1765.

o. o.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS AT THE PLAY.

Naturally, one expects a good deal from a "Gay Parisienne" in the way of dress, especially when she is represented by Miss Ada Reeve, and when she and all her comrades are gowned by Alias; and, as realisation for once comes up to expectation, feminine eyes will be kept busily occupied with the elaborate details of the numberless gowns which grace the stage during the entire progress of the new piece at the Duke of York's.

Miss Ada Reeve is only responsible for two costumes (or shall we say three?), but, then, they are equal to a dozen ordinary gowns. Take the first, for instance, and imagine a combination of pinkish terra-cotta and two shades of blue, the pink silk skirt piped with blue and cut in deep tabs over a petticoat of the paler blue, embroidered in a design of lace-like beauty, while the coat-bodice, with its Directoire lapels, fastened across at the left side with a bow of ribbon, introduces another touch of colour in a pale-lemon hued vest. As to the sleeves, they follow the arms with faithful closeness from shoulder to wrist, though, just at the top, a drapery of lace, matching the jaunty cravat at the neck, is caught up with knots of ribbon, and so we are saved from too severe a shock. Miss Reeve also wears a fluted toque, in which all the colours duly make their appearance, and then — hey, presto! — she deliberately discards all this splendour (in view of the audience too!) and finally appears in a mysterious white garment, and a petticoat of soft green chiné silk patterned with an Indian pine design in deep reddish terra-cotta, this change of costume being the preliminary to the singing of a plantation song.

But the most magnificent dress is worn in the second act, and the tale of its splendour is a lengthy one. There is, to begin with, a central skirt-panel of yellow silk, embroidered with loose trails and great masses of chrysanthemums shading from palest yellow to deepest orange, while at the left side it is turned back in a deep point, with some exquisite real lace; indeed, you may be interested to know that so lavishly has the production been costumed that the ladies of the chorus as well as the principals glory in real lace whenever lace is employed at all!

To go back to our dress: the right side of the skirt is occupied by a *bouillonnée* of lace and chiffon showered with faint-yellow rose petals, while at the left a *frou-frou* of lace is held in by many narrow bands of glittering black and green paillettes, the effect being, as you can imagine, beautiful exceedingly. Now, as to the bodice, the most notable feature is a deep-pointed corselet of black velvet, banded across with passementerie, and turned over at the right side with a point of embroidered lace, while just at the waist-line it gives place to a tight band of yellow satin, held in by a sash-bow at the back. There is, moreover, a yoke of embroidered lace merging into a filmy neck-ruffle, where chrysanthemums nestle at the sides, and crowning all is a huge hat of black tulle, all a-glitter with shining sequins, and bearing a burden of the same most effective flowers, while for background there is a sunshade of green satin, enriched with embroidery, and bordered with a frill of jewelled lace, many bunches of great tawny chrysanthemums being set above this frill, and the inside being a soft foam of chiffon, sparkling with green paillettes.

Miss Belmore (of Gaiety fame) follows, also with two dresses, one simplicity itself in its soft, pure whiteness, relieved by a touch of tender green in the form of bands of silk, which have their origin at the throat

in a foam of lace, taper together at the waist, and then widen out again on the skirt, the second and more striking gown being of black-and-white silk, its stripes arranged in a series of V's in the front, between side-panels of black lace, which is also used in profusion on the bodice.

And then there is the "Coming Cycling Costume," which is destined—perhaps—to solve the vexed question of the day, and provide the women on wheels with smart and practical attire. It has, you must know, full knickers of dark-blue accordion-pleated silk—so full, in fact, that they have all the advantages of a skirt, as far as appearance is concerned—the accompanying coat-bodice being of white cloth, with revers and sleeve-slashings of dark-blue velvet, the cravat vest of white chiffon merging eventually into a deep-blue ceinture, and the costume being completed by a wide-brimmed straw hat, jauntily trimmed with Mercury wings.

Of course, apart from the glamour of the footlights, it would hardly enter into the mind of the most frivolous cyclist to indulge in a white coat—visions of its appearance after a ride along dusty roads, followed by a gentle shower of rain, would be too vividly present to her mind—but, waiving this point, the design is worth consideration, though the chiffon would, of course, have to fall before the relentless hand of hard reality.

There is a most picturesque boating-dress, too, of white flannel, made in Princess fashion, and laced at the sides with thick black silk cord over a petticoat of yellow brocade, the sailor collar being bordered with bands of black before the yellow appears again in the yoke and a collar with many ends. Also there is a model garden-party dress of pale-blue moiré antique, opening in front over a petticoat of white silk gauze patterned with roses and forget-me-nots, and frilled at the foot with lace, caught in with bunches of lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots. The bodice is a combination of the moiré and gauze, with sleeves slightly puffed at the top, and having long, transparent cuffs of the Shirred gauze; another exquisite dress of palest rose-pink silk being veiled with filmy white chiffon, the embroidered flounce at the foot bedecked with many rosettes of pink baby-ribbon. The sleeves are simply a foam of chiffon, held up by loops of enormously broad pink ribbon, and then, just at the elbow, and above a cuff of embroidered chiffon, there is a band of black velvet outlined with pearls—the one touch of solidity in this airy, fairy dress, which, by the way, is worn by Miss Robinson.

A delightful gown of dove-grey corded silk, which also attracted my notice, has a bodice-front of white chiffon, and revers of white silk, one only being covered with black lace, the full, short cape, with its edging of black feather-trimming, disclosing this fact, as

it only covers the shoulders; but, then, you must still not lose your heart entirely, for it is necessary that you should save some portion of your affection for a dress of black-and-white plaid silk with a skirt-front of white cloth, and a bodice which has a full pleated back of black velvet, draped over the white cloth in front in most novel fashion, and secured by knots of claret-coloured velvet. As for the costumes of the four dancers, I commend them to the special notice of anyone with a fancy-dress ball in view. England is represented by a girl in palest yellowish-green silk, with hand-painted bunches of lilac forming a background for a diminutive representation of the Union Jack; France is gorgeous in pink-and-white brocade, pale-blue satin, and touches of black, while Spain is a harmony in black, yellow, and white, adorned with trails of saffron-hued roses, Russia being all white satin and fur and marvellous embroideries.

FLORENCE.



MISS ADA REEVE AS "THE GAY PARISIENNE."

LADIES AS BOOK-COLLECTORS.

If a fancifully designed label of ownership that some men use to insert in their beloved books be a finicking thing unworthy of masculine dignity—and there be those who call it so—no one could be so brutal as



New Woman. Without pausing to inquire if anything has, or whether every modern fad is but a revival of earlier whims, it is certain that so far back as 1634 Philippa Bragg had a label of her own; and in 1671 the

Dowager Countess of Bath left a quantity of books each adorned with a plate specially designed for her. It is well to distinguish between plates with the lozenge-shaped scutcheon the shield of a woman, and those which, although they bear a wife's name, are merely first impressions of a man's plate. After a small number had been printed for the dame, the name was altered, and her lord's inscription substituted for all future copies. This is but one of a hundred more or less unknown facts which Miss Labouchere has gathered together and woven into her history. Consequently, although the work is a complete and practical text-book, it is also full of matters of more general interest, and supplies a chronicle which is easy reading for all book-lovers. The very large number of illustrations will attract the general reader, especially in the modern section, where are examples of dozens of designs by living artists. Among these is a particularly interesting one prepared by Walter Crane for "May Morris" on her marriage. The inscription, "From the Branch to the Flower," refers to the Hammersmith branch of the society who presented it to her, and the portrait of the owner in the opening blossom of a rose-bough carries out the dainty conceit happily enough. Indeed, no sweet girl-graduate or highly intellectual blue-stocking need search in vain for a suitable style; either one must be hard to please if one of the many varieties fails to approach her ideal. Sherborn, the master of copper-plate; D. Y. Cameron, an etcher of strikingly individual excellence; Joseph Sattler, with Germanic



symbolism blazoned in gold and colours; Anning Bell, with exquisitely graceful fancies; the Birmingham School, severely archaic, and a score of young black-and-white draughtsmen of all schools, have turned their energies to decorate my lady's label. Perhaps still more fit are those designed by ladies for ladies—the *naïve* designs of Kate Greenaway, and the no less charming, if more up to date, designs of C. E. Levetus, Marion Reid, G. C. Gaskin, and others.

No longer can the tyrant man hope to usurp all the stray books of the household and to place them quietly on his shelves. In future he will see all that do not belong to him, and possibly a few which he quite forgets having given away, formally annexed by a rival power, which can point to the evidence of an inserted "Ex libris" as proof of nine points of the law of possession. Hence, Miss Labouchere's admirably complete monograph has removed the imputation upon women that only men prized books for their externals.

THE TIGER.

The tiger is a fearsome beast,
Who comes when you expect him least;
For if you kneel to say your prayers,
He comes galumphing up the stairs;
And if you hide beneath the clothes,
He nozzles at you with his nose;
And should you dare to call for nurse,
It only makes the matter worse.

GOLF IN SYDNEY.



THE DRIVE OFF THE SEVENTH HOLE.

Within "cooey" of the Pacific rollers lie the Bondi Links of the Sydney Golf Club, of which some "snaps" are given in this number. Although the pioneers were in no small degree handicapped by the long droughts and peculiar turf of this country, these sandy links will be first-rate in another few months, having some sporting-holes and excellent sand-bunkers.

What at once strikes the visitor from the Old Country is the utter impossibility of cutting out a divot, and the necessity of playing approach shots very cleanly off turf of this coarse fibre.

This club was formed by Mr. Leonard Dobbin in August 1893, and among his earliest supporters we find Messrs. Irving Kent and B. R. Wise. The membership now numbers over a hundred, including some recently admitted lady golfers, among whom was Miss E. C. Walker, by whose permission were formed the club's other links at Concord, where the soil is of hard clay.

Golf has now fairly "caught on" in the Colonies. A match for the Australian championship has been inaugurated in the neighbouring Colony. In New South Wales



THE TWELFTH HOLE.

there are numerous links, notably at Bathurst, Cootamundra, and Armidale. For a really good professional or two there will soon be a grand opening, and brisk business would probably reward the enterprise of a club-maker who could deal with the idiosyncrasies of a climate that deals roughly with the imported English article.

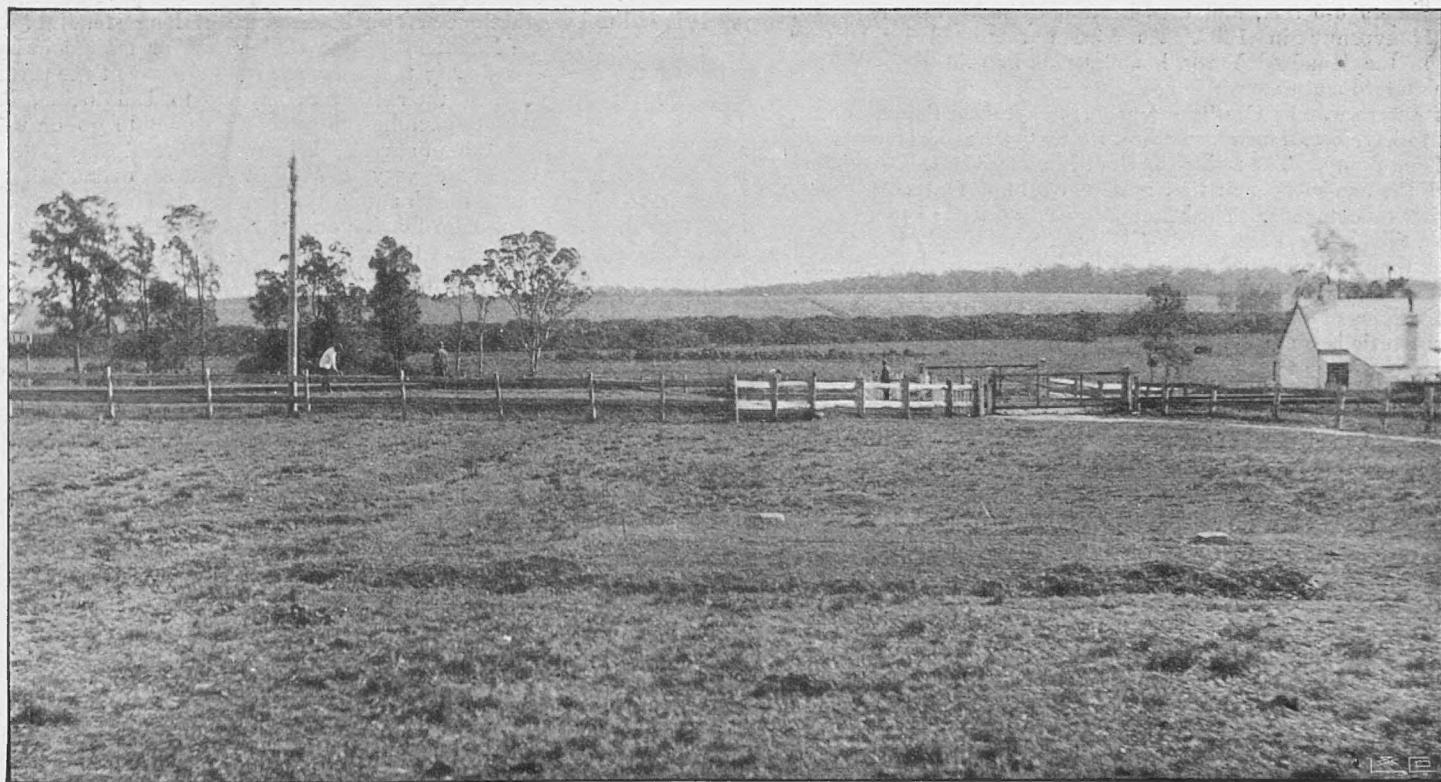
F. G. A.



THE SECRETARY AT THE SEVENTH HOLE.

What a glorious boom exponents of the new photography and the like are having! With the Cinématographe at the Empire, afternoon and evening, a rival to Röntgen at the Oxford, the Theatrograph at Olympia, and Aërial Graphoscope at Kensington Town Hall, people who are fond of science popularised have been catered for splendidly of late. The ingenious contrivance last mentioned is the invention of Mr. Eric Stuart Bruce, who has exhibited it at the British Association and elsewhere, and is now testing its value in the production

of stage-ghost effects. When properly worked out, the Aërial Graphoscope should prove a useful adjunct to scenic artist and limelight-man.



THE RAILWAY BUNKER.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

With the decision of the International match at Scotland on Saturday the football season of 1895-6 received the first of a series of death-blows. The second will come next week, when the English League opposes the Scottish League; the third, a more deadly stroke, on April 18, when Sheffield Wednesday and Wolverhampton Wanderers meet at the Crystal Palace in the final tie of the Association Challenge Cup, while the victim will then be promptly finished off with a shower of League "test" stabs.

Would that the football season were already over! I wonder when it will dawn upon the almighty Football Association that eight months is just about too long a period for one sport. There is no earthly reason why the competitions should be dragged out to the extent they are, and we should all be the better off for an added briskness to the proceedings. The middle of September to the end of March ought to be ample for football. It would not be too much to ask that the rest of the year should be given over to the dear old peaceful game of sweet memory.

I have seen it stated that Northerners claim for the English League team which will play the Scottish League at Everton on Saturday that it is stronger in composition than the eleven which played at Glasgow on Saturday. It is not difficult to see the motive which inspired this pleasant observation. It is quite evident that those of the Northerners whom Nature has stocked with an abnormal share of bigotry have not yet got over what they term the "insult" of losing five places in the International team to amateurs.

I do not say I was altogether pleased by the Association's selection, which seemed to me to be based upon the "trial" match, which, in its supposed results, was ridiculous; but I am quite prepared to admit that the League team to play the Scottish League is not so strong. Sutcliffe is a good goal-keeper, but not so good as Mr. G. B. Raikes, who, like Oakley, may well be proud of his record of three International caps in one season. Crabtree and Mr. W. J. Oakley, the two best backs in the country, are better than Spencer and Williams, the former's choice being rather surprising.

ATHLETICS.

We are frequently reminded that this is an age of professionalism. For the sake of sport in its best sense this may be a development not wholly pleasing, but, as I have frequently pointed out, it is not without an advantage, seeing that it means healthy entertainment for the people, and, so far as the North is concerned, is a strong and successful rival to the public-house.

But for pure, sweet sport give me amateurism, especially when the 'Varsities are represented. Where do you get fair play to such an extent as in battles between the Blues? At the Queen's Club the other day it was pleasant to note rival athletes in the annual athletic contests between Oxford and Cambridge chatting together in friendly style between the events. If we saw professional competitors laughing together, I am afraid suspicion would be engendered; but we can all rest content in the case of 'Varsity fellows. Not long after the grand battle between Jordan and Fitzherbert, the respective presidents, in the Quarter, the pair were to be seen dressed, and arm-in-arm, in the enclosure.

I cannot remember a finer contest than this duel between Fitzherbert and Jordan in the Quarter. The race was run at such a tremendous pace that it was not surprising to find record broken, Fitzherbert doing the distance in 49 3-5 sec., and thus beating by a fifth the record of C. J. B. Monypenny in 1892. As Jordan retaliated by beating Fitzherbert in the Hundred Yards, honours may be said to be equal as between the Oxford and Cambridge athletic presidents of 1896.

The sports were won by Cambridge, who, in capturing the odd event, may be said to have occasioned a surprise, for they were never expected to win the Long Jump. The failure of G. J. Mordaunt in this event was striking, and the non-success of this athlete on important occasions is becoming quite monotonous. The Three Miles introduced us to a runner of rare class, this being Fremantle, of Oxford, who simply left Horan standing still, though it was palpable that Horan was not in condition. Horan won this event in 1893, 1894, and 1895, but, unless I am greatly mistaken, this series of victories should be easily equalled by the latest winner. Fremantle is on the small side, but he possesses a superb pair of hips, and runs with grace as well as judgment. He is evidently one of the best athletes Oxford has turned out.

CRICKET.

I wonder who is responsible for the bringing of Albert Trott, the famous Australian, over to England. I know that Jim Phillips, the Middlesex professional, advised Trott to come, but I cannot conceive a player making the journey on the off-chance of receiving employment, seeing that two years must necessarily elapse before he would be permitted to assist in county cricket.

Nor, for that matter, can I conceive any county being willing to make the dangerous experiment of qualifying a player, for, as we all know, cricket is a very funny game, and players have an awkward habit of losing form in two years or so. Mr. J. J. Ferris is a case in point, and the disastrous experiences of Gloucestershire in this connection might be expected to have a very deterring influence.

Doubtless, Turner's eleventh-hour defection will be the cause of

A. E. Trott's inclusion in the Australian team which will shortly land on these shores. As we near the cricket season, so does anticipatory excitement gain. Everybody is anxious to see what the Australian Cricket Council have sent us, and the feeling has obtained that the side will not be strong enough to beat England in the representative matches. I must confess that I share the same view, but I trust we may all be mistaken. Anyhow, it may be pointed out that the success of a tour does not depend solely upon victory in the "test" matches.

BOXING.

I regret to learn that Captain W. H. Johnstone does not expect to be able to defend his heavy-weight championship. This is indeed a calamity, for the gallant captain, who burst into the boxing firmament last year with dazzling fulgurence, was generally regarded as a *real* heavy-weight champion found at last. He will not be the only holder withdrawing. Mr. G. L. Townsend, the middle-weight champion, is now in Johannesburg on business, while Mr. A. Randall, who held the lightweights, has turned professional. Therefore Mr. P. A. Jones and Mr. R. K. Gunn, the bantam- and feather-weight champions respectively, alone will come up to represent previous winning form.

The victories of these boxers are by no means assured. If Mr. N. F. Smith elect to compete, the German Gymnastic winner should make Gunn go all the way, and a bout between them ought to be the event of the meeting. Mr. A. Vanderhout, who has always proved so dreadfully unlucky in the championships, invariably losing in the final in a close thing, seems to have the path made clear for him by an injury to his only serious rival, Mr. E. Mann, who is not expected to turn up. Mr. E. Dettmer or Mr. V. Dowell may secure the middle-weights. It is to be trusted that the judging will be more satisfactory than in some previous championship meetings.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Already several houses have been taken for the Ascot week, and the meeting will be a big function. I am told that a biggest on record is expected at Epsom for the Derby, as many foreigners and others who do not visit races as a rule are expected to foregather to see the Prince of Wales's colt, Persimmon, run. I hope some understanding will be come to beforehand as to whether the Epsom summer fixture is to be a dress or an undress function this year, as sometimes the Prince of Wales appears on the Stand in a white bowler and check shooting-suit, while the members of the aristocracy are decked out in regulation top-hats and frock-coats.

Racing by limited liability is quite a new idea; but I can hardly see how shareholders can hope to thrive where individual owners lose. The expenses of racing are heavy enough in an ordinary way, and, when directors' fees and dividends have to be further considered, I am afraid the result cannot be other than disappointing. Far better run racecourses than racehorses on limited liability lines, for the days of landing big *coupes* over well-kept good things have gone by. Further, horses have to be tried, and jockeys must be employed to ride them in their trials, and what the majority of the jockeys know is often, later on, known by many of the professional backers.

It is sad to hear that one or two bookmakers of long standing, who have been members of Tattersall's for thirty years or more, and have followed the meetings during that time, are in low water at the present moment. They attribute their position mainly to bad debts, but I am told that they took to gambling to get ready money to go on with, and, like other backers, came to grief. I know of several stay-at-home bookmakers who were hit very hard last season over "S. P." business, and I am told, on high authority, that it would not be possible to put one hundred pounds in London on any horse within half an hour of the time set for the start of the race.

Bank Holiday week is a very trying one to racegoers, as the trains are generally late, and even the telegraph-wires do not appear to clear the messages so well as at other times. It is, however, a boon to the shareholders in many of our racecourses, as the year's expenses are often cleared at one meeting held in the holiday-week. This is the case at Manchester and at Kempton, I should say, although, of course, the Whit-week fixture at Manchester is the bumper meeting at Cottonopolis, and the Jubilee Meeting at Kempton is the big gathering of the year at Sunbury. Hurst Park will this year get the Whit-Monday Meeting, and it is safe to expect a rich harvest for the Molesey shareholders.

If Clorane and Victor Wild meet in the Jubilee Stakes the race will provoke no end of enthusiasm. I am told, however, that the followers of Robinson's stable, knowing what they do of the finish of the Royal Hunt Cup, think that Clorane would beat Mr. Worton's horse, despite the difference in the weights. It may be that Americus will be too good for the top-weights in this race. He is said to be a smasher, and certainly Morton, the trainer of the horse, is one of the 'cutest men to be found on any racecourse. Morton has helped to land many a big *coup* for his masters in the past, and I fancy he will go on something more reliable than the time-test to see what chance Americus may possess.